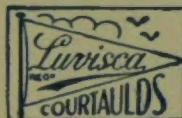


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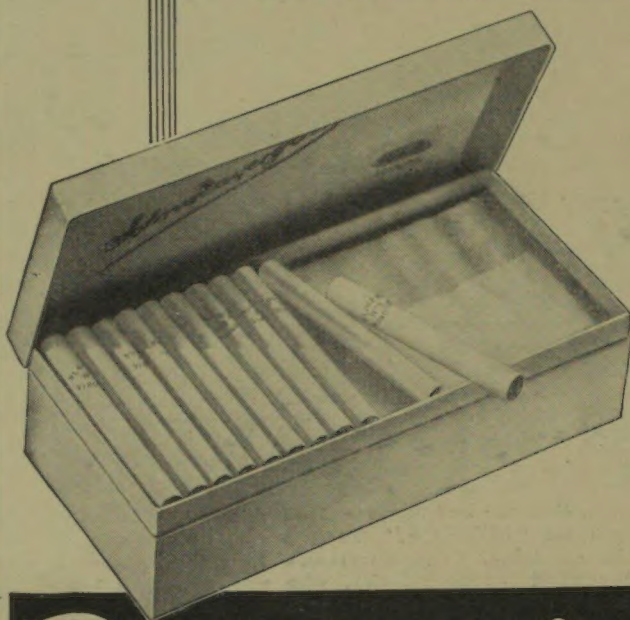
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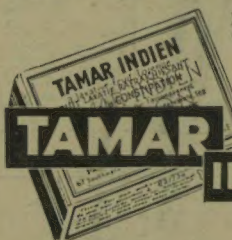
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1933.



**THE CHIEF CHARACTER IN A GREAT BRITISH FILM: HENRY VIII. AS PORTRAYED BY MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON—
FOR COMPARISON WITH THE NEWLY-REVEALED HOLBEIN PORTRAIT GIVEN IN COLOURS IN THIS ISSUE.**

On another page in this number we illustrate scenes from a new British historical film, one of the most ambitious yet produced, entitled "The Private Life of Henry VIII." The part of the King is played by Mr. Charles Laughton, who is seen in the above photograph as he appears in the later episodes. It has a

particular interest at the moment, in that it shows a living impersonation of "bluff King Hal" at about the same age as that depicted by Holbein in the newly-revealed portrait, reproduced in colours on a double-page of the present issue. The portrait is dated 1542, when Henry was fifty-one. He died in 1547.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE problem of Progress continues to puzzle nearly everybody, and rather especially to puzzle the Progressives. Those who would affirm, more positively than I should, an improvement in the actual machinery of society have yet begun to have their doubts about the relation of the machinery to the mind. Mr. Aldous Huxley, in a recent article, raised the fundamental doubt that even where there is certainly an increase of comfort, in the sense of comforts, we cannot always be certain of the identity of comfort and pleasure. The Sultan who forgets that he is sitting on a cushion may be much more miserable than the wild Arab boy who remembers that he is sitting on a horse. There is the intensity and consciousness of pleasure to be considered. There is also the intensity and consciousness of displeasure. If we could be certain that a Progressive is more annoyed at being stopped by a policeman and a block in the Strand than a Prehistoric Man was annoyed at being stuck in the mud and having to crawl very slowly to his cave, then the Prehistoric Man was actually better off, so far as the final psychological test is concerned. For men are not bullets, to be measured by their speed; or engines, to be judged by their fittings; they are human beings who are to be judged by their happiness. The speed and the fittings are only valued because there is a not unreasonable supposition that they do, in the main, increase the happiness of the human beings. But there is no scientific way of measuring happiness or unhappiness; and whether the Prehistoric Man was more or less happy in shooting a flint arrow very far than a Progressive Man in driving a motor very fast it is really impossible to prove. We may concede, as probably more in the line of common sense, that increased comforts do make men more comfortable. But in the ultimate analysis of what really makes men more happy we really only know one thing: and that is that we are almost certainly miles out in our own calculations or guesses.

But there is a further complication in the case, which did not concern Mr. Huxley's argument, but does very much concern about three-quarters of the arguments in the modern world. It is the fact that many improvements rest on certain ideals of improvement which are not the ideals of all humanity and are not in themselves identical with happiness. They are assumed to be improvements because they are part of a general social change which many modern people choose to think a change for the better. But they are not identical even with comfort, let alone identical with happiness. To take an obvious example: a Prohibitionist honestly believes that a man saving his money to buy a motor-car is happier than a man spending it in a saloon. But a Prohibitionist does not actually compare the amount of pleasure got out of moderate

drinking with that got out of immoderate driving. He does not even honestly compare the amount of comfort or discomfort caused by mild intoxication with the amount caused by motoring, whether mild or mad. He does not, in fact, count the pleasure of the drinker as pleasure at all. He is so convinced that it is an immoral or futile pleasure that he rapidly forgets even to remember that it is a pleasure. I am not now discussing which is the more wrong of these two devotees of a degrading excess and exaggeration, the drunkard or the Prohibitionist. I am not arguing whether it is better to be intemperate in drink or intemperate in talk about drink. I am only pointing out that the pleasure of the first sort is not treated scientifically because it is not really recorded even as pleasure, let alone as legitimate pleasure. The Prohibitionist is so certain that it is an imprudent or anti-social joy that he does not really admit that it is a joy.

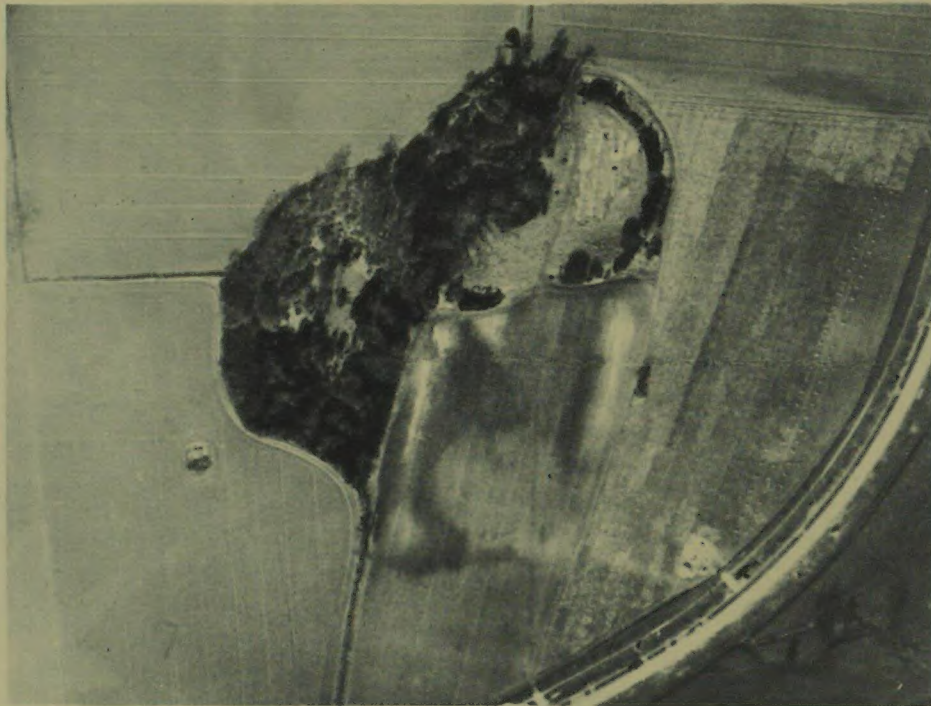
the Pagan that such pleasures are eventually bad for the soul; or even practically bad for the character; or even, in the long run, bad for the social system that encourages them. But the pleasures are pleasures; and it is not strictly scientific to say that the Pagan cannot have had more fun out of bread and circuses than the Christian had out of bread alone.

But this is a parenthesis, merely intended to prove my almost imperial impartiality. I mean that the doubt about the degree of pleasure does still exist, whether we are talking about pleasures that are legitimate or those that are illegitimate. But the general point is much more practical as applied to the general progressive theory. Progressives are perpetually taking for granted that mankind will never miss the pleasures which they themselves would never miss; very often the pleasures which they themselves have never had. Thus an Iconoclast or a Puritan or an atheist will always talk of "delivering" men from the bondage of antiquated ceremonial, or elaborate ritual, or some symbolic system connected with dates and seasons, and so on. And they never seem to see that, for quite a large number of people, to talk about delivering them from these things is like talking about delivering them from sleep or fresh air. It is like a romantic raid to rescue a thirsty man from water. It is like a revolutionary riot to save a starving man from food. Whatever be the explanation of the fact, or the limitation of the fact, or the best way of dealing with the fact, it is quite certainly true that thousands or millions of men have quite deliberately—or, if you will, quite, wantonly—created systems of this sort when there was nobody to make them do it, and no reason for doing it at all, except that they wanted to.

It is no question of freeing men from any particular superstition; it is not even a question of freeing them in any general sense from religion. What about freeing the Freemasons? What about telling all the many-coloured bodyguards of the new Dictators that each of them may have an ordinary white shirt if he likes? Almost every one of them would regard wearing such a white shirt as standing in a white sheet. He would regard

it as an abject surrender and humiliation; whereas he regards wearing his present uniform, and submitting to his present discipline, as a spontaneous spiritual enthusiasm that gives joy to his youth. There we have another example of the cross-purposes between the ideas of happiness as they exist in the reformers and in the reformed—or, more

probably, the unreformed. In truth, the Puritan deals with the pleasure of pageantry exactly as he deals with the pleasure of drink. He simply refuses to note it or take it down or allow it even to count in the calculation. So if I say of people in a certain town that they have now got a railway station, but have lost a local fair or festival, he will be quite puzzled by my supposing that people could have enjoyed a feast, though he will assume that everybody must enjoy a steam-engine, as if it were something to eat. Suppose he says: "People in this street have more lamp-posts than they had last year." And suppose I answer: "Yes, but fewer processions." He will honestly believe that he is talking about something direct and simple, and I about something indirect and fanciful. Whereas it is just the other way. For he is talking about men having mechanical means of looking at things in certain limited hours when most hardworking people are in bed. And I am talking about their having something to look at.



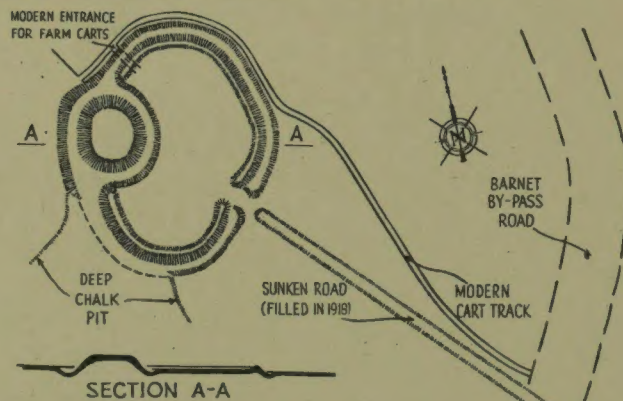
THE LOST CASTLE OF THE DE MANDEVILLES—AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH AND (BELOW) A PLAN: EXCAVATIONS TO BE MADE ON AN EARLY NORMAN SITE AT SOUTH MIMMS, IN THE NORTH OF MIDDLESEX.

An early Norman structure discovered at Warrengate Farm, South Mimms, just off the Barnet by-pass, is thought to be almost certainly the lost castle of the de Mandevilles; and excavations by the South Mimms Castle Excavation Committee are to begin as soon as funds permit. In 1142 the Empress Matilda gave permission to Geoffrey de Mandeville to build a castle anywhere on his fiefs. Geoffrey's death in 1144 would account for its early abandonment and subsequent decay.

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This, as I say, has nothing to do with my own particular opinion upon Prohibition. The principle would be just the same, the logical point would be just the same, if it were a case in which I do think the veto would be right; in which, although I admit that the pleasure is a pleasure, I really think the reform is a reform.

Suppose, for instance, some very charitable Saint in the first Christian days said to some freedman in the rabble of Rome: "I know the Pagan Emperors scattered bread, but I should like to give you much more bread and look after you a great deal better." Our own moral prejudices must not blind us to the fact that, in pure logic, the Pagan ruffian would be entitled to answer: "But jolly old Nero didn't only give us bread. What about all the fun of seeing people killed in the amphitheatre, and those snivelling Christians tortured? For my part, I know nothing that is such a lark as seeing a lady eaten by a lion." We may agree (as I admit that my own morbid religious scruples would lead me to agree) with the Christian Saint if he assured



"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.": SCENES FROM A NEW BRITISH FILM.



HENRY VIII. WITH THE SECOND OF HIS QUEENS DESTINED TO END HER LIFE ON THE SCAFFOLD: THE KING (CHARLES LAUGHTON) AND KATHERYN HOWARD (BINNIE BARNES) IN A COURT SCENE.



A STATE BANQUET IN THE DAYS OF BLUFF KING HAL, AS REPRESENTED IN THE FILM: A SCENE SHOWING HENRY VIII. SEATED IN THE CENTRE OF THE HIGH TABLE, WITH A SERVING-MAN KNEELING BEFORE HIM (LEFT BACKGROUND).



FILM REPRESENTATIVES OF HENRY VIII. AND FOUR OF HIS WIVES: (L. TO R.) KATHERYN HOWARD (BINNIE BARNES), ANN OF CLEVES (ELSA LANCHESTER), HENRY (CHARLES LAUGHTON), ANNE BOLEYN (MERLE OBERON), AND KATHERINE PARR (EVERLEY GREGG).



HENRY VIII. AND HIS THIRD WIFE, MARRIED ON THE DAY OF ANNE BOLEYN'S EXECUTION, AS IMPERSONATED ON THE SCREEN: THE KING (C. LAUGHTON) WITH JANE SEYMOUR (WENDY BARRIE).



THE LAST MOMENTS OF ANNE BOLEYN AS REPRESENTED IN THE FILM: HENRY VIII.'S SECOND WIFE ABOUT TO BE BEHEADED WITH A SWORD BY A FRENCH EXECUTIONER BROUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE FROM CALAIS.



"IN HIS OLD AGE VERY NEAR TO BEING HENPECKED": HENRY VIII. (CHARLES LAUGHTON) IN A DOMESTIC SCENE WITH THE LAST OF HIS SIX WIVES, KATHERINE PARR (EVERLEY GREGG), WHO SURVIVED HIM.

Although "The Private Life of Henry VIII." is a British film, and one of the most ambitious ever produced, the British public has not had the first opportunity of seeing it. It has already been given, with great success, at the Lord Byron Cinema in Paris, and on October 12 is due in New York at the New Roxy Theatre in Radio City, the finest cinema in the United States. Recent announcements stated that the London première would be at the Leicester Square Theatre, but the actual date depended on the run of Mr. Jack Buchanan's film, "That's a Good Girl," at that house. "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

is to be generally released on January 8 next. It was made by London Film Productions, Ltd., under the direction of Alexander Korda, with sets designed by Vincent Korda and costumes by John Armstrong. The story and dialogue are by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis, while Mr. Philip Lindsay, author of "Here Comes the King," is responsible for historical accuracy. Mr. Charles Laughton portrays the King with great gusto, and five of Henry's luckless wives are ably impersonated. As Kathryn Howard, Miss Binnie Barnes sings a song composed by Henry VIII. himself.—[SEE ALSO THE ILLUSTRATION ON THE FRONT PAGE.]



"PAX ITALIANA" IN THE SAHARA: A TYPICAL SECTION OF ONE OF THE NUMEROUS NEW MILITARY ROADS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN TRIPOLITANIA AND LIBYA; ACTUALLY, ONE OF THE LAST SECTIONS ON THE ROAD TO GHAT.

GHAT, THE FORBIDDEN CITY, ENTERED BY FASCISM'S SAHARAN OUTPOST AS SEEN BY MME. DE



AN ENTRANCE TO THE SEVENTY COVERED STREETS OF GHADAMES, ON THE BORDERS OF LIBYA AND ALGERIA: THOROUGHFARES LIKE THE GALLERIES OF A MINE IN A TOWN THAT IS COMPLETELY COVERED-IN.

a saint by the inhabitants. While at Kufra, Mme. de Bonneuil made up her mind to visit Ghat. The fact that a young Dutchwoman, who had made the attempt many years previously, had been assassinated on the way—and that more recently several men had lost their lives trying to reach Ghat—did not deter her. She motored through the Fezzan and through the Hoggar, and got to the legendary seat of "Atlantide," the mysterious woman about whom Pierre Benoit wrote his novel. A few notes on the remarkable photographs reproduced on these pages will not be out of place. The Italians have already driven some 4000 miles of motor highways across the barren spaces of Tripolitania. These roads



A SECTION OF THE 4000-ODD MILES OF ROADS CONSTRUCTED BY THE ITALIANS IN TRIPOLITANIA: A GOOD ASPHALT SURFACE WITH A STONE FOUNDATION ON WHICH 50 MILES PER HOUR CAN BE COMFORTABLY ATTAINED.

THE first white woman to penetrate to Ghat, in the Sahara, Mme. de Bonneuil, gives a graphic description of her experiences and her discoveries in an article on the following page. She claims, also, to have established a Saharan record by motoring 10,000 kilometres in the Tripolitan desert; in addition to having flown 6000 kilometres in the Libyan desert. Mme. de Bonneuil lives in Paris, though she is British-born and the wife of a Briton. She visited Kufra, the then sacred and secret oasis that Mrs. Rosita Forbes visited in 1920-21. In order not to disturb the population of Kufra, Mme. de Bonneuil entered the city disguised as a Saharan officer. During her stay there she learned that Mrs. Rosita Forbes had been raised to the position of

(Continued above.)



THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT IDOL AT GHADAMES; PERHAPS A RELIC OF THE "GARAMANTES," A PEOPLE KNOWN TO HERODOTUS: A MONUMENT SUPPOSED TO MARK THE TOMB OF KINGS OF YORE; VISITED BY TUAAREG WOMEN FOR MAGICAL PURPOSES.

A WHITE WOMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME: BONNEUIL; AND OTHER REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE BAHR EL DOUD, THE DESERT LAKE FROM WHICH THE DAUDA PEOPLE OBTAIN WORMS FOR FOOD: WATER DENSE WITH BICARBONATE OF SODA; AND COVERED WITH A GREEN CLOUD OF FLIES.

are solidly built on stone foundations and have an asphalt surface which makes them safe for considerable speeds. Whole battalions of native troops are employed on their construction, as well as Bedouin labour at high wages. The town of Ghadames is completely covered in, so that it is necessary to take an electric torch everywhere. The town is divided into two parts—the noble quarters and the quarters of the slaves. The curious desert lake, the Bahr el Doud, is one of a group lying to the west of the Oued Adjal: they have their origin in the moist depths of the subsoil. The lake abounds with worms; and on these worms a neighbouring tribe, the Daoudas, principally subsist. There are two kinds of

(Continued below.)



GHAT, THE CITY IN THE DEPTHS OF ITALIAN LIBYA WHICH MME. DE BONNEUIL WAS THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO VISIT: A GREAT TRAIL-ROUTE CENTRE; NOW AN IMPORTANT ITALIAN POINT D'APPUI IN THE SAHARA.



A RELIC OF THE PERIOD WHEN GHAT WAS A CENTRE OF THE SLAVE TRADE: A RUDE ROSTRUM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TOWN, ON WHICH SLAVES (OFTEN REARED ON "SLAVE FARMS" IN THE VICINITY) WERE PUT FOR PUBLIC AUCTION.



A BURIAL MOUND IN THE VAST PREHISTORIC NECROPOLIS IN THE LOST OASIS OF EL BARCAT, NEAR GHAT: A "CAIRN-TOMB" COMPARED BY MADAME DE BONNEUIL TO PREHISTORIC CRETAN EXAMPLES; AS WELL AS NEWLY DISCOVERED BURIALS IN IRAQ.



A FEZZANESE WELL USED AS A CURE FOR LUNACY!—A PIT IN WHICH MAD PEOPLE ARE LEFT FOR SEVEN DAYS, FOOD BEING BROUGHT THEM AND KORANIC TEXTS READ OVER THEM; AND WHERE THEY FREQUENTLY DIE OF EXPOSURE.

worms. The better are eaten raw; the others are dried in the sun and made into paste. Clouds of flies swarm over the lake, apparently attracted by the worms; and the water is dense with bicarbonate of soda. The "Garamantes" were the people described by Herodotus as inhabiting the Fezzan in his time. To them is attributed the singular idol whose remains are illustrated in centre. The tombs which these "idols" mark consist of a funeral chamber—originally adorned with jewellery; Byzantine work being among that found there. Touring women resort to these tombs at night to consult the Djinn of the desert. They go dressed in their best clothes, and hope by sleeping there to enjoy prophetic dreams.

THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO ENTER GHAT, IN LIBYA:

HOW MME. DE BONNEUIL PENETRATED INTO ONE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITIES OF THE SENOUSSI.

By MARIE-EDIE DE BONNEUIL. (See Preceding Pages.)

Mme. Marie-Edie de Bonneuil, a member of the Paris Society of Geography, was entrusted with a special geographical mission in the Fezzan. She claims to be the first woman to have established a Saharan record of 10,000 kilometres' motoring in the Tripolitan Desert and 6000 kilometres' flying over the Libyan Desert. She is also the first woman to have entered Ghat, one of the famous forbidden sacred Senoussi towns, now occupied by the Italians, and capital of the Hoggar.

A ROUGH journey (1200 kilometres in all) awaited me after having left Tripoli, the new cosmopolitan Queen of the Mediterranean. Eight hundred kilometres of terrible desert, described by Professor Gautier as "the most cruelly beautiful on the planet," separated me from Fezzan; and four hundred kilometres of mountainous country succeeding this desert had to be traversed before reaching Ghat, the capital of Hoggar, situated on the Italian-Algerian border.

Only two years ago, in order to penetrate into these regions—even to this day the most mysterious and the least known in all Africa—the journey had to be undertaken under the sign of "Heroism"; but to-day I have travelled under the sign of "Italian Civilisation." And I owe it to the extreme kindness of the head of the Italian Government, Signor Mussolini, and to the friendly co-operation of the military and civilian authorities, that I am the first woman to penetrate into Fezzan. I "burrowed" as far as Hoggar on a mission of ethnographic study which lasted for three months.

Fezzan in history is the ancient "Phazania" or Kingdom of the Garamantes. Herodotus was the first to speak of it: "Ten days from Augila," he wrote in "Melpomene," Vol. IV., "one finds hills of sand, water, palm trees. There are the Garamantes or Gamfasantes; they nourish themselves on serpents, lizards, and other reptiles... and speak a language which resembles the cries of bats." Deserts, lakes, oases, mountains, prehistoric rock-carvings, Touareg designs and inscriptions are found in this territory of Fezzan, which extends over 550,000 square kilometres, about the same area as France, south of Tripolitan Djebel. The altitude varies from 500 to 600 metres above sea-level.

To give you one view of the whole? Impossible! It is kaleidoscopic. I will content myself with describing to you the least-known parts, and the most curious, of

Oued Adjal and Ghat, the capital of Hoggar, which was a forbidden Senoussi "fief" until the Italian occupation in 1931. As for the race, it is equally impossible to embrace in any one generalisation the 100,000



A LADY OF TEBBU, NEAR KUFRA, WITH AN ORNAMENT IN HER NOSE DENOTING HER ELIGIBILITY FOR MARRIAGE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE HAIR DIVIDED INTO SOME 110 TINY PLAITS ANOINTED WITH GOAT-BUTTER.



A TOUAREG BEAUTY WITH A COIFFURE OF SOME SIXTY SMALL PLAITS RE-PLAINTED INTO TWO LARGE PLAITS: A WOMAN UNVEILED, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CUSTOM OF HER TRIBE, WHO DIFFER FROM OTHER MOSLEMS IN THIS.

Touareg women not only go unveiled, but colour their eyes with indigo-blue and their faces with brown ochre powder. Matriarchy holds among this people. The chieftainesses wear a bracelet with a dagger. They enjoy the sole prerogatives of writing and reading, and that of despatching their husbands, while asleep, to Allah's paradise with their daggers.

inhabitants, amongst whom one finds Touareg, Arabs, Berbers, Tebbous, Soudanese, Fezzans, and the extraordinary "eaters of worms," the Daoudas, discovered this year by the Cipriani Mission. From the moment one enters Fezzan, the names of illustrious pioneers of civilisation shine before one: they are Richardson, Duveyrier, Csillag, Overweig. And the list of the victims of the South is long: Alexandra Tynne, the young Dutch explorer, died, assassinated by her Touareg escort on the way to Mourzouk; the Marquis of Morès was massacred on the way to Rhat; the English explorer Oudney lost his life in Oued Adjal; and Edwin Von Bary died poisoned at Rhat after having climbed the Mont des Génies.

"As far as Ghadames you can get along," the English Consul at Tripoli told me, "but to Ghat—never. That is the No Woman's Land of the Hoggar; no European woman has yet entered there."

For fifteen days then, always towards the south, I rolled along together with the motor road, to Méhari, and then I entered Oued Adjal. This valley of Oued Adjal was the cradle of the most ancient African civilisation: that of the Garamantes. In the shadow of an immense green valley their necropolis extends, a veritable Luxor of the Sands. For 110 kilometres tombs by the thousand stand out on the Oued. These are the tumuli of loose circular stones, measuring from 70 centimetres to one metre in height, enclosing the dead, crumpled vertically, their heads resting on their knees and covered with a mat or a sheep-skin. Sometimes there are strange cells hollowed out of the mountain and built up. The local people call these caves the "holes of the ancestors." These tombs go back to the nebulous Mesolithic epoch; that is to say, ten thousand years before Christ. In the graves, stone implements and cut flints are arranged; and these leave no doubt at all that the bodies belong to Palaeolithic man.

Towards the west of Oued Adjal the sandy plain gathers numerous lakes in its depressions: Fredga, Truna, Bahr el Chebir, Bahr el Doud, these have their origin in the moist depths of the subsoil. Surrounded by hills, certain of these lakes remind one of the Lake Nemi, without the colour. The water, super-saturated with bicarbonate of soda, is white, milky, and of extreme density. These lakes represent great riches for the country. Perpetually animated by a movement of flux and reflux, their waters deposit mineral salts on the margins, forming veritable banks of bicarbonate of soda. This is in great demand for photographic purposes by the German firms Zeiss, Goertz, and Gevaert. A rain of flies falls on these lakes. From the largest, the Bahr el Doud, which I visited, the local population, called Daoudas, take worms (*Arthemio Dudney*). They nourish themselves exclusively on these worms, which they eat raw or make into paste

(after drying them in the sun), which they keep from one year's end to another.

With their short bodies and their immense arms, these Daoudas are among the most degenerate races in Africa. They live in complete demographic isolation. The characteristic Daouda skull has an elongated form with a receding forehead. The women anoint their hair with rancid goat-butter, pierce their noses, ornamenting them with a date-stone or a piece of glass; and tattoo their lips in black with the help of a thorn and charcoal dust. From the ethnographic point of view no region offers, for scientific study, more diverse samples of races than the Fezzan. Crossing, fusion, perpetual migrations, have given it a vivid ethnological hybridism.

After Oubari and Serdites, the country of the high plateaux of Hoggar begins. One meets then a dizzying defile of titanic cliffs, and the Mont des Génies of Pierre Benoit's famous novel, "Atlantide," rises and bars the route to Hoggar like a sombre screen of stone. Then comes the Plain, and then you are on the threshold of Ghat, the old capital of the South, the ancient Rhapsa of the Romans, and the fortress of the Touareg Azdjer. The town carries strongly the stamp of the Soudan. It rises on the borders of Tazili, at the extreme south-westerly point of Tripolitania. Twelve hundred kilometres of desert, of "hamadas," and chaotic mountains separate it from the coast. Its rude mud huts and tiny square courtyards crowd together under the spur of Mount Kociman. Its territory has always been a centre of migratory streams, of traffic of slaves, and fierce brigands. The town is surrounded by strong walls flanked by four towers at the four cardinal points.

From the political point of view, the occupation of Hoggar and of Fezzan has given to Italy a unique strategic position, with the great caravan routes passing through Ghat. Thousands of kilometres stretch from the heart of the Italian Hoggar in a straight line towards Tchad, the Congo, Koufra, Egypt, and Soudan. Other routes converge there from Morocco, from South Algeria, and from Nigeria. Known as the "eighth parallel operation," the campaign which gave these African observation posts to Italy is the glory of General Graziani, helped by a Prince of the Royal House of Savoy brought up in England, the Duke of Aosta.

Like their ancient predecessors, the Romans, "who bridged and roaded and ruled the land," the Italians have succeeded in this prodigious work of creating in eight years 6000 kilometres of carriage roads in Tripolitania: some of them are veritable motor highways. Two thousand kilometres of roads

now climb the wild, high plateaux of the Hoggar. I travelled over them at 70 kilometres per hour. The oases, with their date plantations, are well kept up, and linked with the irrigation scheme. Everywhere order and organisation reign beside the indigenous carelessness. School and hospital meet near each fort. It is Italy herself, with virile Fascist countenance, fulfilling in Africa, in the ancient kingdom of the Garamantes, the destiny of Rome.



LADIES OF GIALO TRAILING TWO YARDS OF THEIR BLACK CAPES BEHIND THEM TO OBLITERATE THEIR FOOTSTEPS, SO THAT THE DEVIL SHALL NOT FOLLOW AND TEMPT THEM: THE WOMEN SEEN BESIDE A WALL IN THE TOWN, WHICH IS A HALTING-PLACE ON THE WAY TO KUFRA, SOME 250 MILES FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST.



WOMEN OF A FEZZANESE TRIBE, THE DAOUDAS, WHO LIVE ON WORMS: THREE BUNDLES OF RAGS, THEIR EYES THICK WITH FLIES; EXAMPLES OF "THE LOWEST SPECIMENS OF MANKIND."

The Daoudas feed entirely on worms caught in the local lake. Their eyes are always fringed with flies. Their rags are old sacks and palm leaves. They start married life at the age of eight.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF TSHEKEDI: THE INQUIRY AT PALAPYE ROAD.



THE EUROPEAN CONCERNED IN THE BECHUANALAND FLOGGING CASE: PHINEAS MCINTOSH (LEFT), WITH MCNAMEE—BOTH ORDERED OUT OF BECHUANALAND.



THE INQUIRY AT PALAPYE ROAD: SOME OF THE FORCE OF 100 SEAMEN AND 100 MARINES WHO, AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE, ESCORTED VICE-ADMIRAL EVANS, ACTING HIGH COMMISSIONER, TO HIS INVESTIGATION OF THE TSHEKEDI CASE.



IT was officially announced on September 28 that Tshekedi, Acting Chief of the Bamangwato Bechuana, who, after an inquiry, had been temporarily suspended from his chiefship for having sentenced a European to be flogged by a native court, was to be reinstated. In our issue of September 23 we gave a brief account of the circumstances that led up to the suspension of Tshekedi by Vice-Admiral Evans, who, accompanied by an armed escort, investigated the case at Palapye Road on September 13. Admiral Evans's announcement was made at Serowe on the following day. Tshekedi's reinstatement follows a communication from him to the High Commissioner for South Africa, in which he admitted that he has no right to deal with a case in which a European is concerned. McIntosh's companion, McNamee, it should be added, is another European who has given trouble to the authorities.

VICE-ADMIRAL E. R. EVANS (ON DAIS; LEFT) CONDUCTING THE INQUIRY INTO THE TSHEKEDI CASE AT PALAPYE ROAD; WITH ACTING CHIEF TSHEKEDI FACING HIM (THIRD FROM LEFT) AMONG HIS HEADMEN, AND A CROWD OF CURIOUS NATIVES BEYOND.



NATIVE INTEREST IN THE TSHEKEDI CASE: A CROWD OF BAMANGWATO LINED UP TO LISTEN TO THE EVIDENCE GIVEN AT PALAPYE ROAD, WHICH RESULTED IN THE TEMPORARY SUSPENSION (AND SUBSEQUENT REINSTATEMENT) OF THEIR ACTING CHIEF.

BRITAIN'S "LITTLE WAR" ON BATTERIES IN ACTION,



A TROOP OF 18TH CAVALRY COMING OUT OF ACTION ON SEPTEMBER 14, DURING THE OPERATIONS AGAINST RECALCITRANT MOHMAND TRIBESMEN, AND PASSING BEHIND A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION (CENTRE).



THE NOWSHERA BRIGADE ATTACKING AN ENEMY POSITION AT YUFUF KHEL: BRITISH SHELLS BURSTING ON THE HILL-TOP WHILE THE 1ST-11TH SIKHS' ATTACK GOES UP; IN FOREGROUND, A GROUP OF OFFICERS WATCHING THE BATTLE.



MOHMAND CHILDREN STANDING BY MILL-STONES: THESE STONES ARE MADE IN DACCÁ, AFGHANISTAN, COST THIRTY TO FIFTY RUPEES, AND ARE FLOATED DOWN THE KABUL RIVER TIED TO INFLATED BUFFALO-SKINS.



A RAFT OF TIMBER BARKS FROM AFGHANISTAN FLOATED DOWN THE KABUL RIVER: AN INDUSTRY IN WHICH THEFT IS A SERIOUS MATTER, FOR LOG THIEVES ARE PUNISHED WITH THE SEVEREST PENALTIES, OFTEN DEATH.



A JIRGA OF UPPER MOHMANDS COLLECTING TO CONFER WITH THE BRITISH POLITICAL OFFICERS AFTER THE SKIRMISH OF SEPTEMBER 14; A TYPICAL MOHMAND VILLAGE, WITH ITS WALLS AND WATCH-TOWER, VISIBLE BEHIND.



These very vivid photographs of Britain's "little war" on the North-West Frontier show clearly that the operations necessary were planned on a fairly extensive scale. Action was not confined to the dropping of a few bombs from an aeroplane or to the returning of snipers' fire from a camp or a picket guarding the road. As the "Times" put it a few days ago: "It is inferred that the Safs have found the marksmanship of the British Indian machine-gunners and mountain howitzers too good for their snipers. It

appears that the 37 in. howitzers have lately done especially good work. They fire a shell weighing about 25 lb., and some soldiers consider them the handiest and most effective weapon for use in tribal warfare. The tribesmen's casualties are believed to have been disproportionate to operations on a small scale. . . ." On a later date, the "Times" said: "In their various attacks on the British Indian troops, the Safs are reported to have lost 28 killed and about 40 more or less seriously wounded. This

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: AND MOHMAND LIFE.



NO. 10 MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION SUPPORTING THE YUSUF KHEL ATTACK ON SEPTEMBER 14: A SALVO HAS JUST BEEN FIRED FROM THE GUN ON THE LEFT AT AN ENEMY POSITION IN THE DISTANT HILLS.



KHWAEZAI AND BAZZAI, TWO TRUCULENT TRIBES OF THE UPPER MOHMANDS, COLLECTED FOR A JIRGA: A GROUP THAT INCLUDES THE BEST-KNOWN MALINS OF BOTH TRIBES, WHO HAVE NOW PROMISED TO BE OF GOOD BEHAVIOUR.



THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT FOR A JIRGA PARTY: A PALLET-BED UPTURNED TO AFFORD WELCOME SHADE; AND A FINE PATHAN SAMOVAR (CENTRE); THE HILLS BEYOND FULL OF SNIPERS WHO SOON OPENED FIRE.

should be enough to correct the impression fostered by propagandists that they could safely despise Indian troops." In our issue of September 16 and September 30, it will be recalled, we illustrated the progress of events on the Frontier: here, for the first time, we give photographs of mountain batteries in action. They worked in co-operation with R.A.F. aeroplanes, which were able, on more than one occasion, to do particularly useful work during the troops' return to camp. As indicated in our last issue, the various



A MOHMAND FAMILY HURRIEDLY EVACUATING THE BATTLE AREA WITH THEIR BELONGINGS; TROOPS VISIBLE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL IN THE BACKGROUND: A SCENE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE BRITISH "LITTLE WAR" ON THE FRONTIER.

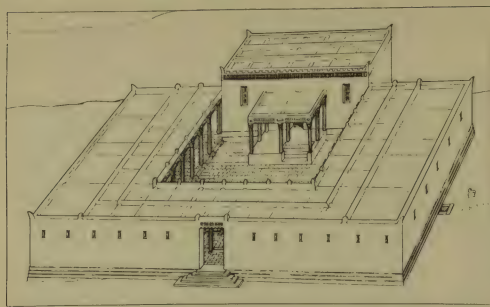


MOHMAND CHILDREN WHO HAD NEVER SEEN A WHITE MAN BEFORE—THE YOUNGEST MAKING FOR THE DOOR: YOUNG NATIVES WHO MAKE VERY SHY SUBJECTS FOR THE CAMERA, ESPECIALLY THE GIRLS.



NO. 10 MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION ON SEPTEMBER 14: A SQUADRON OF 18TH CAVALRY BEYOND, AWAITING THEIR OPPORTUNITY; AND THE GUN POSITION OFFICER WITH HIS TELEPHONIST ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

Jirgas had attained their object by September 25. The Khwaezai and the Bazzai had promised good behaviour, and the Safs and Kandaharis, the last tribesmen to stand out, had learnt their lesson and begun to disperse. On September 26, there being no sign of hostile tribesmen anywhere, the British Indian troops began the evacuation of Gandao: it was expected to complete their retirement by October 6. Doubts were felt, however, whether the settlement would survive next year's shooting season.



THE FIRST AUTHENTIC DISCOVERIES IN THE IDENTIFIED WITH THE LAND OF PUNT: HITHERTO

FIG. 1. THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN-GODDESS, DHAT BAKDAN, BUILT ABOUT 300 B.C., WHOSE RUINS, DISCOVERED AT HUGGA, IN SOUTH-WEST ARABIA, FURNISH THE FIRST AUTHENTIC KNOWLEDGE OF SABAEAN ARCHITECTURE: A GENERAL RESTORATION DRAWING.



FIG. 4. SABAEAN SCULPTURE FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN-GODDESS DISCOVERED AT HUGGA: A RELIEF REPRESENTING A LION ATTACKING A BULL.

EVERYBODY knows of the Sabaean Empire and Sabaean culture from the Bible stories about Bilikis, Queen of Sheba (or Saba), who, about 1000 B.C., set off from her country, the present kingdom of Yemen, in the south-western corner of the Arabian peninsula, to visit Solomon at Jerusalem. Of this Sabaean civilisation we have hitherto had only a slight knowledge from accounts of ancient sites and inscriptions brought to Europe by three travellers, the Frenchmen Arnaud and Halévy, and the German, Eduard Glaser, who explored these districts at great risk. Otherwise the little evidence about that period received in Europe came mainly from the Turks during their hegemony in Yemen. However, all the specimens in the Ottoman Museum at Constantinople are of very uncertain origin, and a great number of them are forgeries. In recent years, two German explorers, Carl Rathjens and Hermann von Wissmann, who made two journeys there (in

(Continued below.)

FIG. 2. A HUGE BOULDER (ENCLOSING WITHIN ITSELF A TOMB CUT IN SOLID ROCK) WHICH HAD ROLLED DOWN A STEEP SLOPE: AN EXAMPLE OF ONE OF TWO DIFFERENT TYPES OF SABAEAN BURIALS.



1927-28 and 1931), visited the interior of Yemen and Hadhramaut, where they had an opportunity of studying thoroughly certain Sabaean ruins. At the request of Iman Yahya, King of Yemen, they excavated a site at Hugga, about twenty-one miles north of the capital of Sanaa, and uncovered a temple of the sun-goddess Dhat Bakdan. This is the first knowledge obtained of absolutely authentic and locally ascertainable remains and dates of Sabaean architecture and sculpture, confined, however, to a certain period dating from about 300 B.C. to 300 A.D. From their second journey, the two explorers returned with a collection of about 500 specimens. Some are of surprising beauty and give a first impression as to the quality of Sabaean culture compared with other civilisations in the Near East. Now there can be no longer any doubt that the mysterious land of Punt, mentioned in Egyptian inscriptions of the third millennium B.C., was situated in south-western Arabia, and is identical with the former Sabaean Empire, the present country of Yemen. This land of Punt very probably had Hamitic inhabitants and culture. It is remarkable that the earliest

statuettes from Egypt are nearly of the same shape and technique as certain statuettes from Yemen. We still find a Hamitic element in the present inhabitants of Yemen, and from certain Mongoloid features of the Yemenite sea-coast people we may conclude that communication with Southern Asia was also rather active. About the year 1000, Yemen, till then Hamitic, must have been invaded by Semites from North-Arabia, the consequence being the foundation of the Minnean-Sabaean empire and its successors, the States of Catabania and Hadhramaut. At the same time, Semitic culture and the Semitic alphabet became predominant. About 2000 inscriptions, the earliest apparently dating from the eighth century, give us knowledge of that period. As to architecture, we have hitherto only known that the earliest Hamitic buildings are round, indicating a certain kinship with Zimbabwe, in Southern Rhodesia—probably the ancient gold-country of Ophir—whilst the Sabaeans hitherto known are rectangular. We know of two kinds of burials in the Sabaean period. Either the dead were laid to rest in vaults, artificially cut out of rocky walls on inaccessible slopes

(Continued above on right)



FIG. 3. COLUMNS OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN, WITH ROUND CAPITALS, BROUGHT TO SANA'A FOR THE PURPOSE OF BUILDING A MOSQUE: MATERIAL FOR ISLAMIC ARCHITECTURE, TO WHICH THE SABAEAN STYLE WAS A TRANSITION.



FIG. 5. AN EXAMPLE OF ANIMAL SCULPTURE OF THE SABAEAN PERIOD IN SOUTH-WESTERN ARABIA FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT HUGGA, IN YEMEN: A CAROOLIE REPRESENTING THE HEAD OF A BULL.

FIG. 6. SABAEAN MEMORIAL SCULPTURE OF THE TYPE PLACED IN NICHERS IN ROCK-CUT TOMBS ON STEEP SLOPES: A SEATED PORTRAIT OF THE DECEASED (ACTUAL SIZE, 17 CM. HIGH).

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY FOTO WOLFF

ARABIAN REALM OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, UNKNOWN RELICS OF SABAEAN CULTURE.



FIG. 7. A STONE SLAB BEARING A RELIEF REPRESENTING TWO FEMES: AN EXAMPLE ACQUIRED IN THE VICINITY OF HUGGA. (ACTUAL SIZE ABOUT 18 CM. WIDE AT THE WIDEST PART).



FIG. 8. CONVENTIONALISED MEMORIAL SCULPTURE IN A CURIOUS RECTANGULAR STYLE: A FIGURE FROM A SABAEAN TOMB. (ACTUAL SIZE, 16 CM. HIGH, 7 CM. WIDE).

LIEBHOLDENWERKESTATT. ARTICLE BY R. TÖSCH.



FIG. 9. A REMARKABLE RELIC OF A SABAEAN WATER-SUPPLY SYSTEM: A RESERVOIR NEAR HUGGA, WHERE ONE ORIFICE OF A RESERVOIR WAS FOUND IN THE TEMPLE COURT.

(Figs. 2 and 10), or they were buried in graves. In the first case, the portraits of the deceased persons were statues in the round (Figs. 6 and 8), placed in niches on the tomb walls. The graves, however, were surrounded by rectangular combined stones, with an upright stela, and on this stela—generally in a niche within it—was placed a relief representing the deceased's face. It is of special importance that this practice evidently represents a personal manner of worship, for, in spite of the constrained attitude of the bodies, the features of all the statues found show no likeness to each other, such as would occur in images of a god. Moreover, the inscriptions we find on a great number of these stelae always indicate the deceased person's name. Owing to

(Continued below.)



FIG. 10. TOMBS CUT INTO THE ROCKY WALLS OF SANDSTONE MOUNTAINS (EAST OF SANA'A): EXAMPLES OF ONE OF TWO TYPES OF BURIAL PRACTISED BY THE SABAEANS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

the irruption of late-Hellenistic influence, beginning about the third century A.D., this culture, with its beautiful art forms, lost its distinctive character—a result connected with the struggle of the Romans to compete with the Sabaeans for their position in the world's trade. That struggle, already begun during the first century A.D., did not wholly succeed till the middle of the fourth century. Constantine the Great allied himself with the Abyssinians, who had accepted Christianity, against the Sabaeans, and in consequence the Sabaeans adopted the Jewish faith and proclaimed it to be their State religion. It predominated in Yemen for a whole century, until in the middle of the fifth century the Abyssinians conquered the country and gave the death-blow to the ancient culture of the Sabaeans. There followed a short period of Persian hegemony, which, however, caused an absolute decay of civilisation, until, with the rise of Islam, the ancient land of Saba became merged in the Islamic dominions. The excavations of Rathjens and von Wissmann at Hugga revealed the basement of a temple with a central court. In this court was the mouth of a subterranean reservoir, whose second orifice was found beyond the outer northern wall of the temple (Fig. 9). Round the court runs an arcade, and adjoining it were found the debris of walls belonging to a building whose purpose is only partially known—that is, in a portion of it where great vessels serving for the storage of grain were found (Fig. 11). Some residue of that grain has been preserved to the present day. The plan of reconstruction (Fig. 1) shows in detail what the aspect of the main building may have been. Many lower parts of columns were still in position. The shape of their capitals was hitherto unknown. Considering the style of carving in the ornamental stonework, we may suppose that these capitals originated from early forms of wooden structures. From inscriptions discovered, it may be concluded that the temple was built about 300 B.C., and destroyed not earlier than 300 A.D. The result of these excavations is particularly interesting, because the whole construction of this temple represents a transition to the earliest Mohammedan mosques.



FIG. 11. CONTAINING A RESIDUE OF GRAIN PUT IN IT 2000 YEARS AGO: ONE OF THE BIG FARTHEN VESSELS DISCOVERED IN THE STORE-ROOMS ADJOINING THE TEMPLE AT HUGGA.

THE MEDITERRANEAN TO BE BROUGHT INTO THE LIBYAN

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by D. Macpherson. Material Supplied by Dr. John Ball,



HOW MEDITERRANEAN WATERS, LED 40 MILES BY CANAL AND TUNNEL INTO THE VAST SUFFICIENT TO REVOLUTIONISE EGYPTIAN INDUSTRY: (ABOVE) A GENERAL VIEW; (BELOW)

Our artist here illustrates a suggested hydro-electric power scheme for Lower Egypt which would involve bringing the waters of the Mediterranean, by canal and tunnel, into the Libyan Desert, there forming a vast salt water lake in an area lying at an average depth of 195 ft. below sea-level, known as the Qattara Depression. Its total area is 19,500 square kilometres, of which 13,500 are at depths exceeding 160 ft. Its northern side is bounded by a high escarpment, and at the point of influx the water would enter the basin from the tunnels, with a considerable fall. Passing through turbines, it would generate continuous electric power which could

be made available for use in the Delta for hundreds of years. The water level in the lake would maintain itself naturally by evaporation, the rate of which has been carefully calculated. This natural source of power within Egyptian territory, at no great distance from a populous district, would render Egypt independent of imported fuel for irrigation and drainage, running railways, trams, and factories, and illuminating towns, with a margin left for use in the reclamation of waste land in the north of the Delta. In short, the result would be to revolutionise the industrial and economic position of Egypt. The upper drawing shows suggested

DESERT? WATER, POWER AND SALT LAKE PLANS FOR EGYPT.

O.N.E., M.Inst.C.E., DIRECTOR OF THE DESERT SURVEYS OF EGYPT, AND ORIGINATOR OF THE SUGGESTED SCHEME.



QATTARA DEPRESSION IN THE LIBYAN DESERT, MIGHT PROVIDE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER SUGGESTED TUNNELS, WITH GEOLOGICAL STRATA TO BE PIERCED, SHOWN IN SECTION.

lines of transmission of electric power, from the generating station situated at the point of influx, with a distribution centre at Tanta, whence power could be radiated to Cairo, Alexandria, and other districts. The great question is whether the cost of executing the scheme, and carrying out the enormous labour of tunnelling ground 600 ft. high between the sea and the basin, would be such as to make it economically practicable, but the project has received sympathetic consideration from the Egyptian authorities. The idea was first originated, some six years ago, by Dr. John Ball, Director of the Desert Surveys of Egypt, as a result of triangulation

surveys carried out under his instructions in the Libyan Desert. These surveys confirmed his suspicion that there was a vast region below sea-level (a fact imperceptible to travellers passing through it, owing to its great extent and gradual declivities), and he named it the Qattara Depression. It is about 185 miles long, with a maximum breadth of 90 miles and about 435 ft. below sea-level at the deepest point. Since 1927 the whole depression has been contour-mapped, and Dr. Ball has obtained a mass of new data affecting the possibilities of his project. He describes them in detail in the current (October) number of the "Geographical Journal."

DUKE JOHN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MARLBOROUGH." VOL. I: By WINSTON CHURCHILL.*

(PUBLISHED BY HARRAP.)

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL will never cease to command admiration, even from the unwilling, by the surprises which he springs on his generation. Not that it is any surprise to find him in the rôle of a highly accomplished biographer and a first-rate literary artist; but few would have expected from him a work which, like this, combines

of Europe. No worse enemy of human freedom has ever appeared in the trappings of polite civilisation. Insatiable appetite, cold, calculating ruthlessness, monumental conceit, presented themselves armed with fire and sword. The veneer of culture and good manners, of brilliant ceremonies and elaborate etiquette, only adds a heightening effect to the villainy of his life's story. Better the barbarian conquerors of antiquity, primordial figures of the abyss, than this high-heeled, beperiwigged dandy, strutting amid the bows and scrapes of mistresses and confessors to the torments of his age. Petty and mediocre in all except his lusts and power, the Sun King disturbed and harried mankind during more than fifty years of arrogant pomp." The style throughout displays not only this energy—sometimes passing into excessive vehemence—but all the qualities of rhythm and dignity, with many modulations of irony. It should be added that purely as an essay in history this volume makes a notable contribution, for it gives us many hitherto unpublished letters, some of them of capital historical importance.

Marlborough's rise was slow, patient, and pertinacious, and his apprenticeship, with which a great part of this volume is concerned, was served in a time of the utmost political complexity—a time when it required the nicest adroitness for any man of ambition to steer a safe, or even a straight, course. We see him here as page and intimate of that Duke of York whom, as King and master, he was afterwards to abandon—that sinister figure in English history whom Mr. Churchill well

Marlborough grew steadily in prestige which even his enemies could not but acknowledge. For long hostile and suspicious, William III. before his death came to see in Marlborough the greatest—indeed, the inevitable, leader of his generation. The volume ends when Marlborough has just effected the Grand Alliance and stands on the brink of that triumphal period in which, by the side of the Princess whose friendship runs throughout this volume, he saved Europe from "the tyrant's brandished steel" and settled the constitutional foundations of English government.

Mr. Churchill does not exaggerate when he says that William of Orange and the Duke of Marlborough between them "championed the Protestant faith, crowned Parliamentary institutions with triumph, and opened the door to an age of reason and freedom. They reversed the proportions and balances of Europe. They turned into new courses the destinies of Asia and America. They united Great Britain, and raised her to the rank she holds to-day." This, surely, was achievement which deserved well of posterity; and yet it is remarkable that no conspicuous figure in our history has met with more obloquy than Marlborough. He has been attacked in every aspect of his public and private life, debited with every odious vice, and credited only grudgingly with his known merits and successes. The chief offender has been Macaulay; seldom has a writer of repute used so intemperately the resources of rhetoric to indulge his prejudices—only with the effect of defeating his own object, for it must have struck many of his readers, even



THE FATHER OF THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL; FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY.

The father of John Churchill was a small country gentleman and, during the Civil War, a staunch and bigoted Royalist. After the Roundheads' victory, a fine of £446 was imposed on him.

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brilliance of presentation (that we might well take for granted) with a solidity of substance which any professional "authority" on English history would be glad to claim. It requires no great assurance to prophesy that this work will at once take rank among the classic biographies of our language. It is far more than the story of one remarkable man's life. The thread of that life, the author himself informs us, "slowly broadens until for a goodly lap it covers the entire history of our country and frays out extensively into the history of Europe." Marlborough is placed in a perspective which is limned with consummate skill. How vivid, for example, and what a masterpiece of compression, is the chapter on the Europe of Charles II. Or again, the description of Sedgemoor is as good as any similar narrative from our greatest masters of history. High personages of the time—Charles II., James II., William, Anne—leap to life in Mr. Churchill's tingling paragraphs.

His judgments, convincing or not, never lack vigour, whether for praise or blame. Here, for example, is defiance to the "lackey pens" which have done homage to a false glory: "During the whole of his life, Louis XIV. was the curse and pest

* "Marlborough: His Life and Times." By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P. Volume I. With thirty-five illustrations in Photogravure, eight Facsimiles of Documents, and fourteen Maps and Plans. (George G. Harrap and Co.; 25s. net.)



A PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS WHEN SHE HAD CUT OFF HER HAIR IN A TEMPER: SARAH AT HER TOILET; BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Earl Spencer.

describes as "at once a capable administrator and a suicidal politician; a man virtuous in principle and gross in practice; a personage equally respectable and obnoxious." We see the young courtier turning from the light adventures of his world to the one love and the unshaken partnership of his life, and winning them not without difficulty.

In his first military experiences, abroad and in England and Ireland, he gives unmistakable promise of the commander he is to become; and his diplomatic missions grow steadily in importance, nor are they on a single occasion unsuccessful, though not always, in the view of posterity, the most creditable to England. Deserting, for compelling public reasons, the sovereign in whose favour he stands high, and to whom he is bound by many personal ties, we see him discredited and disgraced under a new master, and taking little pains to conceal his discontent as he sees affairs both of State and of war

bungled by those whose superior he knows himself to be. He has his taste of the Tower, and even stands in danger of his life from the systematic false witness which battens greedily on a tormented society. Yet it is remarkable, as this biographer points out, that at the very time of his disfavour and adversity,

without examining the evidence, that no beast could be quite so black as this black beast of Macaulay's. Many of these Whiggish excesses have been exposed and discredited, but a good deal of the mud still clings, and it is Mr. Churchill's object in this biography to show that much of it has been wantonly and unjustly flung. It is needless to say that he is a spirited controversialist, and is more than a match for Macaulay and his school at their own dialectical arts. We are left in no doubt

[Continued on page 566.]



THE WOMAN WHO BECAME DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH: SARAH JENNINGS BEFORE SHE MARRIED; A PORTRAIT BY SIMON VERELST WHICH ALWAYS HUNG IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT HOLYWELL.

John Churchill fell in love with Sarah Jennings in 1675. Their love, in the words of the author, "lasted for ever: neither of them thenceforward loved anyone else in their whole lives, though Sarah hated many."

Reproduced by Courtesy of Earl Spencer.



THE EARL OF MARLBOROUGH IN 1690, WHEN HE WAS FORTY YEARS OLD: A PORTRAIT PAINTED FOR SARAH "WHEN HE WAS SUNBURNT."

Reproduced by Courtesy of Earl Spencer.



**EARTHQUAKE
DAMAGE AT
THE BIRTHPLACE
OF OVID: THE
WRECKED INTERIOR
OF THE CHURCH
OF SAN FRANCESCO
AT SULMONA, IN
THE ABRUZZI,
AFTER THE SHOCKS
THAT CAUSED
SIXTEEN DEATHS IN
THAT DISTRICT.**

A severe earthquake occurred in the early morning of September 26 in the southern part of the Abruzzi region, in Central Italy. Many towns and villages were damaged by the wrecking of houses and other buildings, while sixteen people were reported to have been killed and about 100 injured. Sulmona (the ancient Sulmo, where Ovid was born in 43 B.C.) suffered considerably, and the upper part of the façade of a church collapsed. The railway line between Sulmona and Castel di Sangro was interrupted. Further shocks occurred at Sulmona and elsewhere on September 28, but without loss of life.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE WORLD: HAPPENINGS IN FIVE COUNTRIES.



**AN IRISH RELIC OF OLD-TIME NAVIGATION FOUND IN WESTMEATH: A DUG-OUT CANOE
BROUGHT TO DUBLIN FOR EXHIBITION.**

This photograph shows "a canoe hollowed from a tree-trunk, discovered by Dr. Hencken, leader of the Harvard University Archaeological Expedition, at Ballinderry, Co. Westmeath, being prepared for exhibition at the Science and Art Museum, Dublin." Muirhead's "Ireland" states that the National Museum contains among its exhibits "Corraghs, the traditional dug-out canoes of Ireland."



**A CANADIAN R.C. CATHEDRAL DESTROYED BY FIRE:
ALL THAT REMAINED—THE SPIRELESS FRONT.**

On the night of September 21-2, the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Valley Field, Quebec, was burnt down, with the adjacent Convent of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary. No lives were lost, for the 500 occupants of the convent—nuns and pupils—escaped safely, but the financial loss was heavy, through insufficient insurance. The cathedral spire fell, and only the front remained.



**THE SPHERICAL GONDOLA OF THE RUSSIAN BALLOON
THAT ASCENDED NEARLY TWELVE MILES.**

The Soviet balloon "Stratostat S.S.S.R.," built for the exploration of the upper air, successfully ascended from Moscow into the stratosphere, on September 30, and, according to provisional official reports, attained a height of 19,000 metres, or nearly 12 miles. That reached by Professor Piccard on his second ascent, in August 1932, was officially given as 16,201 metres, or just over 10 miles. The Russian balloon had a spherical gondola, made of duralumin, with nine glazed windows. The crew consisted of M. Prokofief, in command, M. Birnbaum, a Red Army airman, and M. Godunoff, air mechanic and balloon-builder. Wireless communication was maintained with the earth during the seven-hours' flight, and scientific observations were made bearing on atmospheric conditions.



**PROFESSOR PICCARD'S RECORD BEATEN: "STRATOSTAT
S.S.S.R." JUST BEFORE IT BEGAN ITS ASCENT.**



**THE "R 101" MEMORIAL UNVEILED AT ALLONNE: THE DEDICATION OF THE STONE OBELISK ERECTED JOINTLY BY GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE TO THE VICTIMS
OF THE "R 101" DISASTER; PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE REVOLVING BLADES OF AN AEROPLANE'S PROPELLER.**

The memorial at Allonne, near Beauvais, to the memory of those who perished in the disaster to the British airship "R 101" on October 5, 1930, was unveiled on October 1 by the Prime Ministers of France and Great Britain. The Air Ministers of the two countries, the British

Ambassador, Lord Tyrrell, and representatives of the French and British Air Services were there, together with the six survivors of the disaster. Speeches were made by the Mayor of Allonne, who was followed by M. Daladier, and then by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.



THE FUNERAL OF MRS. ANNIE BESANT AT ADAYAR: THE BIER BEING BORNE TO THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S HEADQUARTERS.

Mrs. Annie Besant's funeral and cremation at Adayar, on September 21, attracted large crowds. Members of the Government, the legislature, and all sections of the community were represented at the ceremonies. The body, wrapped in silk, was placed on a bier and carried to the Theosophical Society's headquarters, where it rested for a while. Cremation took place beside the river. A telegram of condolence was received from the Viceroy.



DR. DOLLFUSS, THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR SPEAKING AT THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE AT GENEVA: AN OCCASION ON WHICH HE WAS GIVEN AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION BY ALL PRESENT.

Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, addressed the Disarmament Conference on September 27. He was received with a spontaneous outburst of applause. He spoke of Austrian independence with calm deliberation. Austria, he said, was determined to follow the path of independent existence and economic development, counting on the friendly co-operation of the other Powers. On Oct. 3, Dr. Dollfuss was the object of an attempt at assassination in Vienna.



MR. E. ROY BIRD, M.P.

M.P. (Unionist) for the Skipton Division, Yorkshire. Died September 27; aged forty-nine. A partner of Messrs. Wedlake, Letts, and Birds, of Serjeant's Inn. Elected M.P. for Skipton, 1924.



SIR GRAEME THOMPSON.

Governor of Ceylon since 1931. Died September 28; aged fifty-eight. Director of Transports and Shipping, 1917. Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, 1919. Governor of British Guiana, 1922. Governor of Nigeria, 1925.



LORD RANFURLY.

A former Governor of New Zealand (1897-1904). Died October 1; aged seventy-seven. His period of office covered the visit of the present King and Queen to New Zealand in 1901, and the Colonial Conference of 1902.



FLT.-LIEUT. E. H. FIELDEN, A.F.C.

It was announced on September 27 that Flt.-Lieut. Edward H. Fielden, A.F.C., had been appointed Chief Air Pilot and an Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales. He has been H.R.H.'s pilot for four years.



CAPTAIN A. J. STYRAN.

The well-known pilot. Killed when his machine crashed in Kent while returning from Beauvais on October 1. Formerly in the R.A.F.; and a specialist in cross-country flying. Third in the King's Cup this year.



COLONEL ROSCOE TURNER.

A correspondent informs us that Colonel Roscoe Turner landed in New York on September 9, after having established a record for a flight across the U.S.A.—10 hrs. 5½ mins.; in a Weddell-Williams monoplane.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LADY BUTLER.

The famous military painter; the "Roll Call" being among her best-known pictures. Died October 2; aged eighty-two. Painted "Missing" (1873), "Quatre Bras" (1875), "Scotland for Ever," "The Remnant of an Army" (1881), and "The Return from Inkerman." We reproduce an early portrait of her.



LORD MERRIVALE.

President of the Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice since 1919. Retired September 29. M.P. (Conservative) for Plymouth, 1900-1906; and M.P. for Exeter, 1910. Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1916. Lord Justice of Appeal, 1918.



SIR F. BOYD MERRIMAN.

Solicitor-General since 1932. Appointed to succeed Lord Merrivale as President of the Divorce Division. Took silk, 1928. M.P. for Rusholme (Manchester) since 1924. Recorder of Wigan, 1920-28. Solicitor-General, 1928-29.



SIR DONALD B. SOMERVELL.

Appointed to succeed Sir F. Boyd Merriman as Solicitor-General. Contested Crewe as a Conservative, 1929; won the seat, 1931. Served in India and Mesopotamia in the war. Took silk, 1929.



MR. CRAIGIE AITCHISON.

Lord Advocate for Scotland since 1929. Appointed Lord Justice Clerk in succession to Lord Alness, who has resigned. M.P. (National Labour) for Ayr and Bute, 1931, where his appointment causes a vacancy.



LONDON'S NEXT LORD MAYOR: ALDERMAN SIR C. H. COLLETT AND LADY COLLETT PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR GARDEN.

On Michaelmas Day (September 29), the Liverymen of the City of London assembled at the Guildhall and elected Alderman Sir C. H. Collett to be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. The Lord Mayor-elect is Alderman of the Bridge Ward. He became a member of the Common Council in 1912, and a Sheriff in 1932.



THE EMPRESS OF ETHIOPIA IN PALESTINE: THE CHIEF DIGNITARY OF THE GREEK CHURCH GREETING THE IMPERIAL VISITOR.

The Empress of Ethiopia was present at the consecration of Trinity Church and the Abyssinian Convent on the bank of the Jordan, between Jericho and the Dead Sea. The buildings were designed by Mr. A. C. Holliday, a British architect. Members of the Government and of the Zionist Executive Council, the Moslem Mayor of Jerusalem, and Heads of Orthodox, Syrian, and Coptic Communities were present.

THE ATTEMPT ON DR. DOLLFUSS: THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR'S ESCAPE.



DR. DOLLFUSS BEFORE AND AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE: (1) CARDINAL INNITZER AT THE CHANCELLOR'S BEDSIDE AT HIS HOME, AFTER DR. DOLLFUSS HAD BEEN TREATED FOR A "1000-GULDEN" WOUND AND A SHOT DEFLECTED BY A BUTTON; (2) THE ASSAILANT, RUDOLF DERTIL; (3) DR. DOLLFUSS WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN, EVA AND RUDOLF; (4) DR. DOLLFUSS (WITH HIS WIFE) ABOUT TO BROADCAST INTO THE MICROPHONE SHOWN ON THE RIGHT.

(Nos. 1, 2, and 4 Telegraphed Photographs.)

AN attempt to assassinate Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, was made in a corridor of the Parliament building at Vienna on October 3. A young man named Rudolf Dertil approached with two letters, which a detective took. As Dr. Dollfuss turned away, Dertil drew a revolver and fired twice at him at a distance of six feet. Happily the shots were ineffective. The first slightly injured the right arm; and the second, which might easily have proved fatal, was apparently deflected by a waistcoat button and grazed the chest above the heart. The assailant was seized by police. Dr. Dollfuss, who showed great courage, walked to the door, gave instructions for summoning his doctors, and drove in his own car to the General Hospital. After treatment he drove to his home, loudly cheered by a street crowd. Later he was visited by President Miklas, Cardinal Innitzer, and members of the Cabinet, while the British Minister, Sir Walford Selby, called at the Ballhausplatz to offer sympathy and congratulations. In the evening the Chancellor broadcast a message to the nation, saying he would continue to conduct Government business from his room and hoped to resume active duties within a few days, as the doctors found his injuries not serious. The wound in his right arm he humorously described as "a thousand-gulden shot" (a war-time phrase, equivalent to our "blighty," meaning a slight wound sufficient to send a man behind the lines). "I realise," he added, "that by the grace of God I have escaped a grave danger."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"THE SONG OF SONGS."

AFTER a spell of comparative calm, with the established successes in the West-End kinemas still holding their own and a couple of popular "hits" running into a second week, a burst of stellar pyrotechnics has suddenly enlivened the "film-fan's" firmament. The reappearance of three stars of the first magnitude almost simultaneously deserves to be chronicled, albeit in two cases at least their vehicles fall short of the standards set by their earlier pictures. To take them in the order of their return, "The Song of Songs," at the Carlton Theatre, claims our first consideration. This film has the additional interest of presenting Miss Marlene Dietrich under a director other than Mr. Joseph von Sternberg. Let it be said at once that it proves Miss Dietrich to be no Trilby incapable of artistic expression without her Svengali. She is as responsive to the direction of Mr. Rouben Mamoulian as she was to Mr. von Sternberg's, and, furthermore, in the opening chapters of the picture reveals herself as a fine emotional actress, quite irrespective of her "glamour" or the bag of tricks which are just so many catch-pennies for the crowd. "The Song of Songs" is not a good picture, but it has some lovely things in it. It is based on a Sudermann novel, "Das Hohe Lied," written in 1908. Sudermann's preoccupation with the artificiality of the social standards of his day coloured most of his work, nor was he a writer who marched with the times. The emotional conflict of "Das Hohe Lied" belongs to another era, though it must be conceded that an attempt to recapture its sincerity has been made by the period-dressing of the production. But since this is a Marlene Dietrich picture, and not a period piece, no further concession

excellent work before the unreality of the melodrama gets the better of them. Then sincerity, alas! flies out of the baronial windows, handing over the screen to carefully composed pictures and the beauty of Marlene Dietrich.

of an operatic *diva*, are of that amiably elastic nature that gives way to any amount of side-issues. It has its weak moments, mainly due to a labouring of comic situations.

On the other hand, Mr. Buchanan has made excellent use of his pictorial opportunities—some of the Riviera backgrounds are lovely in themselves and cleverly exploited—and keeps the action moving so rapidly over every available inch of his playgrounds that he has freed his material entirely from the trammels of the stage. His antics, a trifle too prolonged, certainly bring the house down! He finds a valuable ally in Miss Elsie Randolph, whose sense of character provides some of the funniest moments of this light-hearted, well-acted entertainment. But the burden of the picture is carried by the star.

"THE MASQUERADER."

In this respect, "The Masquerader," at the New Gallery, falls into line with the Dietrich and Buchanan films. The choice of this vehicle for Mr. Ronald Colman was obviously dictated by the popular appeal of strongly contrasted dual rôles, and in so far as Mr. Colman gives an exceptionally fine performance, the choice was justified. "The Masquerader" has seen some service since the first Mrs. Temple Thurston built a "best-seller" on the idea of a chance meeting in a London fog of two men so exactly alike in appearance as well as in voice that one could step into the other's shoes without fear of detection, even by their intimates. The book was called "John Chilcote, M.P." It was dramatised by the novelist's husband in 1905, and has already been seen on the screen in silent form. The present version regilds the story's political framework by introducing the burning question of unemployment—with a glimpse or two of workless men on the march to strengthen the argument—and a remote atmosphere of national crisis. But these very echoes of serious problems only serve to show up the holes in the fabric of the melodrama. Careful direction has reconstructed a London that, contrary to the majority of American films, carries conviction. It cannot cover up the improbabilities of a plot belonging to the romantic school of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Readers will probably remember the exchange of identities effected between Sir John Chilcote, a dissolute young politician wrecking a brilliant career, and his cousin, a penniless journalist. Whilst the politician, guarded by a faithful old family servant, drugs and drinks himself to death in the journalist's rooms, the latter rises on the wings of a remarkably trite speech in the House of Commons to political eminence, and wins the love of his kinsman's wife into the bargain. The ease with which the deception is foisted on to Chilcote's party-members, his close friends, his wife and his mistress, for a considerable number of days is as incredible as the journalist's qualifications for the post of the nation's saviour. Interest, therefore, centres on Mr. Colman's portrayal of the two characters. He handles the journalist's excursion into the *pays inconnu* of his double's household with his characteristic ease of manner and humorous perception, nor is he less effective or sincere as the drug-ridden Chilcote. His sharp definition of the two men is emphasised by the perfect illusion of the photographic "doubling"—a technical achievement remarkable even in these days of camera magic.



"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN": MRS. HANNAH (BEATRIX FEILDEN-KAYE), DR. MARSHALL (ERNEST THESIGER), AND CHARLES CAMERON THE FIRST (ROBERT DONAT); IN A SCENE FROM JAMES BRIDIE'S NEW PLAY AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE.

Presented by Sir Barry Jackson at the Piccadilly Theatre, "A Sleeping Clergyman," by the author of "The Anatomist," is a drama of heredity that covers over sixty years, from 1867 to 1936. It is a fine play, exceedingly well acted. Robert Donat is very successful in his dual part of Charles Cameron, rake and scientist (seen here dying of consumption in a Glasgow lodging-house), and of Charles Cameron's grandson, who, in 1936, discovers a serum that saves the world from plague. Dorice Fordred has a triple part, admirably done, as the second Cameron's grandmother, mother, and twin sister. Ernest Thesiger gives one of his best-drawn portraits as Dr. Marshall.

"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."

Hard on the heels of the Dietrich film at the Carlton, Mr. Jack Buchanan arrived at the Leicester Square Theatre in his three-fold capacity of exhibitor, director, and star. With his presentation of the five-year-old musical comedy, "That's a Good Girl," the theatre

introducing the burning question of unemployment—with a glimpse or two of workless men on the march to strengthen the argument—and a remote atmosphere of national crisis. But these very echoes of serious problems only serve to show up the holes in the fabric of the melodrama. Careful direction has reconstructed a London that, contrary to the majority of American films, carries conviction. It cannot cover up the improbabilities of a plot belonging to the romantic school of "The Prisoner of Zenda."



"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN," JAMES BRIDIE'S BIOLOGICAL PLAY—A SCENE OF 1936: CHARLES CAMERON THE SECOND (ROBERT DONAT) AND HOPE CAMERON (DORICE FORDRED).



"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN": THE GUARDIAN BAILS HIS WARD OUT OF GAOL—A CONSTABLE (JOHN RAE), A SERGEANT (ARTHUR HAMBLING), CHARLES CAMERON THE SECOND (ROBERT DONAT), AND DR. MARSHALL (ERNEST THESIGER) [LEFT TO RIGHT].

to the author's honesty of purpose has been considered necessary.

Far from it. The latter career of Lily, the simple country girl whose ideals were hung too high for the man she loved, has been stretched and manipulated in order to include the various stages of a Dietrich *dégringolade*. Deserted by her sculptor-lover, married to a lustful Prussian nobleman, who makes a "lady" of her, she travels steadily along the familiar path that leads to cynicism, flaunting feathers, and the underworld. She even sings a snatch of the melancholy "Blues," in true "Blue Angel" style—and this in Berlin of 1908—before her final reconciliation with the sculptor, whose statue of her in her pristine innocence she smashes to bits in a fine theatrical flourish. Wholly artificial, all this, and, what is worse, ponderous in its development, heavily emphasised. But the opening chapters, devoted to the growing idyll of Lily and her sculptor, are charming, and that despite a good deal of insistence on nude statuary. Miss Dietrich brings to this phase a sensitive suggestion of the girl's deep faith in love, a reticence and a kind of whispered ecstasy that are genuinely moving and sincere. She has a limpid quality, well attuned to Mr. Rouben Mamoulian's predilection for a delicate play of light and shade. She glows like a gem in the sombre settings of the little book-shop where she is housed by a vicious old aunt, a part definitely over-acted by Miss Alison Skipworth. The rest of the picture is just so much repetition of well-tried effects for Miss Dietrich, though her personal magnetism focuses the attention throughout. Mr. Brian Aherne as the sculptor, and Mr. Lionel Atwill as the "wicked Baron," put in some

returns to films, and comes under the personal management, for the first time, of the actor for whom it was originally built. Here, then, are several excellent reasons for the enthusiastic reception of Mr. Buchanan's initial offering. To them can be added another, and that the most important of the lot. "That's a Good Girl" is a gay and lively picture. It has no plot to speak of, for the escapades of three irresponsible young men, lured to the South of France by the promise of a problematical fortune and the tantrums



HOLBEIN'S "KING HENRY VIII. AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-ONE."

THE ONLY KNOWN CEREMONIAL PORTRAIT OF THE KING PAINTED BY HOLBEIN—NOW ON EXHIBITION FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Concerning this fine painting, Professor Dr. Paul Ganz, the greatest living authority on the work of Holbein, writes: "The portrait of King Henry VIII. is painted in resin tempera on an oak panel consisting of three boards (36 by 26 in.). It is signed with the initial 'H,' and is dated (1542). It is one of the most important works by Hans Holbein the Younger. The monarch is represented in half-length but smaller than life-size, facing the spectator and wearing an enormous mantle of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered. He is fifty-one years old—five years older than in the sketch for the wall-painting in Whitehall—but he seems to be much older, having lost his powerful and athletic appearance as a result of the increased corpulence of his body. He looks distressed and unhealthy; and he holds a big staff in his left hand for his support. Holbein had to study the King very carefully from nature, and he chose the unusual small and high size of the picture in order to better the general impression of the King's mighty appearance; cleverly supported by the brilliant colours and the lively drawing of

the ornaments. The picture is in an excellent state of preservation; showing Holbein's art in its best quality; it is a wonderful example of his genius as a portrait-painter who was able to render truly not only the features and body of the elderly King, but his still powerful regal splendour. This work is the only ceremonial portrait of King Henry VIII. known to-day, painted by his celebrated Court painter, Hans Holbein. Until to-day good old copies have been known; but this newly discovered genuine portrait of the great King puts all the copies in the shade. As well as being a great work of art, it is a most important document in English History." It may be added that the painting was in the collection of the Dukes of Norfolk. It then passed into that of the Earls of Carlisle, having been purchased by Charles, third Earl of Carlisle, at the Arundel sale in 1720. At the moment, it is being exhibited for the first time (by permission of its owner, the Hon. Geoffrey Howard) at the Galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son.

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LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"A 'CHARITY' CONCERT."



"IN THE BACKWOODS OF KENNINGTON—THE LODGER."

In our second series of drawings by Blampied, continued here, we have already given impressions of archery competitions, yacht-racing, contrasting studies of infant Londoners, studies made at Covent Garden and Billingsgate,

small dramas of life in the middle classes, the art school, divers ways of passing an enjoyable evening, and two familiar rituals—a masculine and a feminine. Here are seen two "bands" from opposite ends of the social spectrum.

THE SIEGE OF THE HOTEL NATIONAL, HAVANA.



THE SIEGE OF CUBAN OFFICERS IN THE HOTEL NATIONAL, HAVANA: A DETACHMENT OF TROOPS ON GUARD BY THE MACHADO BEACON MONUMENT—ON WHICH IS SCRAWLED "A LAS VICTIMAS DE LA BESTIA."



FIELD ARTILLERY USED IN THE SIEGE OF ABOUT 500 CUBAN OFFICERS, WHO FOR THREE WEEKS WERE BARRICADED IN THE HOTEL NATIONAL (RIGHT BACKGROUND): A GUN SUCH AS CAME INTO ACTION ON OCTOBER 2.



SOME OF THE CUBAN OFFICERS IN THE HOTEL NATIONAL—NOW SHELLED INTO SURRENDER, WITH MANY CASUALTIES: PEELING POTATOES AT A TIME WHEN THE HOTEL STAFF HAD GONE ON STRIKE.

The long-continued siege of the Cuban officers who, after the overthrow of Dr. de Cespedes' Government, took refuge in the Hotel Nacional, Havana, on September 9, culminated, on October 2, in an armed conflict which made chaos of the city. The hotel was bombarded almost throughout the day, and the officers responded with rifle and machine-gun fire. An aeroplane dropped a bomb on the hotel, inflicting an unknown number of casualties. Before the officers surrendered—and it was not known, at the time of writing, whether all had done so—it was estimated that thirty people had been killed and more than fifty wounded in this fighting. Even afterwards firing continued in the streets, Communists, students, and troops all being engaged. There appeared to be the threat of a new revolution. Although most British and American residents at Havana were believed safe, one American citizen, Mr. R. L. Lotspiech, was killed by a stray bullet. Mr. Cordell Hull declared that his death would cause no change in United States policy—a pronouncement of some importance in view of American desire to avoid intervention.

ACTION AGAINST ARMED GAOL-BREAKERS.

These photographs were taken during the pursuit of two native convicts whose escape from Barberton Gaol led to a miniature battle in the Transvaal hills. The two negroes escaped from the gaol quarries on September 5, and late that night boldly returned to the gaol, broke into the armoury, and, taking a rifle, a revolver, and over 300 rounds of ammunition, succeeded in escaping to the hills. The two natives were notoriously dangerous characters and proficient with firearms. Police dogs in charge of Detective Straydom and Sergeant Cornelius picked up the trail and, on September 14, led them to where the gaol-breakers were hiding behind rocks by the roadside. Straydom challenged the natives, who immediately opened fire, and a general fusillade was exchanged. Straydom pursued one man as he was reloading his rifle, fired, and missed. The native turned, and was aiming point-blank at him, but before he could fire Cornelius shot him through the heart at a range of 118 yards. The second native was firing at Cornelius, who shot his man, wounding him in the side. Neither of the detectives was hit.



DETECTIVES COMPELLED TO FIRE ON ARMED NATIVE CONVICTS IN SOUTH AFRICA: DETECTIVE STRAYDOM GOING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT DEAD, AND SERGEANT CORNELIUS (FOREGROUND) COVERING HIS ADVANCE.



THE DEAD CONVICT, WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART BY CORNELIUS AT A RANGE OF 118 YARDS JUST AS HE WAS AIMING AT STRAYDOM; STRAYDOM, REVOLVER IN HAND, EXAMINING HIM.



SERGEANT CORNELIUS GIVING FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED NEGRO, WHOSE FIRE HE RETURNED, HITTING HIM IN THE SIDE: THE END OF THE AFFRAY IN THE BARBERTON HILLS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

NAZI GERMANY: "STEW" SUNDAY; THE HARVEST FESTIVAL; THE SWASTIKA.



AN UNPARALLELED CELEBRATION OF THE HARVEST FESTIVAL THROUGHOUT GERMANY: PEASANT WOMEN IN NATIONAL DRESS ASSEMBLED ON THE BÜCKEBURG HILL, NEAR HAMELIN, WITH BASKETS OF THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.



THE INEVITABLE NAZI SIGN ON A GERMAN WAR-SHIP: THE SWASTIKA—IN COMPANY WITH THE EAGLE—ON THE CRUISER "KARLSRÜHE," A SHIP, DATING FROM AUGUST 1927, WHICH DISPLACES 6000 TONS.



THE HARVEST FESTIVAL—STAGED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF HAMELIN, THE TOWN OF PIED PIPER FAME: PEASANT GIRLS IN NATIONAL COSTUME GIVING THE NAZI SALUTE AND SMILING THEIR GREETINGS DURING THE CELEBRATIONS.



"STEW" SUNDAY: HERR HITLER, DOING AS ALL GOOD GERMANS ARE ASKED TO DO ON THE FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH—CONFINING HIS MIDDAY MEAL TO ONE HALF-MARK DISH, IN ORDER TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE NEEDY.



THE HARVEST FESTIVAL: PEASANT WOMEN IN ELABORATE HEAD-DRESSES AND WEARING STRIKING ORNAMENTS AT THE CELEBRATIONS ON THE BÜCKEBURG HILL, WHICH WERE ATTENDED BY HERR HITLER.

On October 1, Germany celebrated the Harvest Festival on a scale never before attempted, and honour was paid to the peasant—the bearer of future strength, the feeder of the people, as the Minister of Agriculture put it. The greatest gathering was on the Bückeberg Hill, near Hamelin, where a most remarkable spectacle was staged; with a total attendance of about half a million and with the panoply of Reichswehr, Storm Troops and Steel Helmets. Herr Hitler arrived in the afternoon, by aeroplane from Berlin. October 1 was further notable in that it was the first "Stew" Sunday in Germany. All Germans have been asked to confine themselves to one dish, of the value of not more than half a mark, for the midday meal on the first Sunday in each month, in order that they may contribute the



THE FIRST "STEW" SUNDAY IN AN EXCLUSIVE BERLIN RESTAURANT: SERVING A "HALF-MARK" MEAL AT A HIGHER CHARGE; ALL ABOVE HALF A MARK GOING TO THE WINTER HELP FUND.

difference between that sum and the usual cost of the meal to the Winter Help Fund for the assistance of the needy. At home, the householder does his own calculating. In restaurants and hotels, which are under the Government's orders, the charges vary; but all amounts charged over half a mark are ear-marked for the Fund, which profits in the better restaurants by three-and-a-half marks out of the four marks paid for luncheon. Other places other prices: one mark, with half of it to the Fund; and so on. After five o'clock anything can be ordered as usual. Theoretically, all contributions are "voluntary"; but there is the significant warning, conspicuously placarded about the Reich: "Whoever does not help us in our fight is our enemy." There were also successful street collections on October 1.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH for some thirty-five years life has left me small leisure for novel-reading, I have managed to maintain a nodding acquaintance with a few favourites. Among them is the author of "Maradick at Forty" and "Prelude to Adventure," stories which, with others from the same hand, recall familiar scenes and places of my youth. Hence I have been devouring with keen enjoyment as much as I could digest, in the time available, of "HUGH WALPOLE." A Study. By Marguerite Steen. With nine illustrations (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 12s. 6d.). This book is one of the best things I have come across in present-day criticism, not only as an appreciation of a particular writer, but as a discussion of the general trend of the novel, especially of the historical type. It is one of those books that may change one's feeling for a novelist's work from mere superficial admiration to close attention and intimate understanding.

Miss Steen dedicates her work "to the spirit of romance in modern fiction," and her first chapter, setting forth its claims to a triumph over realism, opens with a somewhat startling statement. "God is the Great Romantic. He happens also to be the Leading Character, Hero or what you will of the majority of Mr. Hugh Walpole's novels." This argument, which I must confess is new to me, is cogently developed; and then we come to a delightful biographical chapter, which tells us just enough of Walpole the man to leave us longing for a full biography, or, better still, an autobiography. We hear, for example, of the stormy pre-natal influences associated with his parents' voyage to New Zealand (where he was born in 1884); of his sufferings, as a sensitive little boy, from bullies at his first school (to which, it is suggested, may be traced his studies of cruelty in "Maradick" and "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" and "Above the Dark Circus"); of happier schooldays at Canterbury, and others, less happy, at Durham; of the enchantments of Cambridge that broke the evil spell of his "horrid past"; of experiences in Germany as tutor to "the April, May and June babies" of Elizabeth von Arnim; of schoolmastering days that produced "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"; and, finally, of war service in Russia, which inspired "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City."

Of his adventures in the Carpathians as a stretcher-bearer with the Ninth Army, Miss Steen says: "The only definite information which one can get out of him regarding this period is this: 'I went out one night and got into the Austrian lines by mistake and brought back a man, so they gave me the St. George.' He was the last man in history to get the Russian Order of St. George." After a nearly fatal illness he returned to England, was appointed King's Messenger, and later took charge of the Russian department at the Ministry of Information. Since the war his career has been that of the successful novelist, marching from strength to strength, and reaching the height of his powers, with a new outlook on life, in what Miss Steen calls "his longest and greatest work"—the four-volume Herries saga, consisting of "Rogue Herries," "Judith Paris," "The Fortress," and "Vanessa." Miss Steen's concluding chapter on this phase is illustrated with photographs of Cumberland landscape and houses associated with the story, whose terrain lies mainly within a ten-mile radius of Keswick. Writing as a Northerner herself, Miss Steen gives an excellent commentary on the novelist's migration from his Cornish "Faerie" to Lakeland, and on his personal relationship to his new milieu.

Most novelists of English country life have their own special province, such as Hardy's Wessex. Before Hugh Walpole annexed Lakeland, and described known localities in Borrowdale, his literary geography was something of an enigma. Miss Steen makes it clear that his Polchester (of "The Cathedral" and other novels) is not to be identified with any one cathedral city, but is the author's composite foundation, both locally and spiritually, based on his knowledge of cathedral life in Auckland, Truro, Durham, and Canterbury; not to mention the fact that, after he had settled in Chelsea, his father became the first Bishop of Edinburgh. A pictorial map of Polchester forms both the end-papers of this book. I could wish that, instead of one of these duplicates, we had been given a similar map of Treliss, for often, in reading Mr. Walpole's descriptions of that enticing but elusive Cornish town, I have

tried to recognise in it some place I know, but have decided that it also must be of a composite character. Possibly it is a little less so than Polchester. Referring to Treliss, Miss Steen writes: "It is, perhaps, the spiritual counterpart of Helston, with whom it has more points of resemblance than the Furry Dance." Much of her book is devoted to an analysis and summary of the more "romantic" Walpole novels. While the prevailing note is eulogistic, she tempers enthusiasm with discrimination. After indicating certain faults and shortcomings charged against his previous work, she declares that in the Herries saga we see him triumphing over most of these reproaches.

By a happy chance, I can throw some light on the genesis of the Herries saga idea in its author's mind, from the best of all sources—the author himself. The passage occurs in a reminiscent article on toy theatres (with reference to Mr. A. E. Wilson's book, "Penny Plain, Twopenny Coloured"), contributed by Mr. Walpole to the *Spectator* and reprinted in an interesting anthology of miscellaneous items from that paper, entitled "SPECTATOR'S GALLERY." Essays, Sketches, Short Stories, and



ROMANIAN ROYALTIES RECONCILED: PRINCE NICHOLAS (RIGHT) IN A MILITARY PARADE BEFORE HIS BROTHER, KING CAROL (SECOND FROM LEFT), AND KING ALEXANDER OF YUGO-SLAVIA (EXTREME LEFT).



THE QUEEN MOTHER OF RUMANIA AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS AT THE PARADE: (RIGHT TO LEFT) DOWAGER QUEEN MARIE, EX-QUEEN ELISABETH OF GREECE, QUEEN MARIE OF YUGO-SLAVIA, AND PRINCESS ILEANA.

Festivities on the fiftieth anniversary of the building of Castle Pelles, at Sinaia, began there on September 24, and were made the occasion for celebrating a general reconciliation among estranged members of the Rumanian royal family. There was a dramatic reunion between King Carol and his brother, Prince Nicholas, who, owing to his marriage, had been out of the country for seventeen months, when the Prince arrived by train in company with King Alexander and Queen Marie of Yugo-Slavia and Princess Ileana, wife of Archduke Anton Hapsburg. With King Carol on the platform were his mother, the Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania, and his sister, ex-Queen Elisabeth of Greece. In a military parade through Sinaia, the Kings of Rumania and Yugo-Slavia and Prince Nicholas marched at the head of their respective regiments, while the three Queens and the Princess looked on.

Poems from the *Spectator*, 1932. Edited by Peter Fleming and Derek Verschoyle (Cape; 7s. 6d.). This article shows that in his boyhood Mr. Walpole was as ardent a stage manager of puppet shows as R. L. Stevenson himself. It reminds me, incidentally, of certain humble efforts of my own in that line, connected with the production of "The Miller and His Men." Describing his toy theatre, Mr. Walpole writes: "My 'lake' scene had in it a mountain shaped strangely like Skiddaw, and I remember that when down in Cornwall I read *Redgauntlet* for the first time, I dramatised it, habitually calling one of my characters Herries and pushing him up and down in the front of Skiddaw—so do future catastrophes fling their shadows before them!" Evidently the call of the North had made itself heard very early in his mental history.

Mr. Walpole's favourite authors in those days, he tells us, were Scott, Ainsworth, Fenimore Cooper, Stevenson, "and (most oddly) Tolstoy." For he found the lively bits of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" as amusing as those of "Treasure Island" or "Robinson Crusoe." "What it all led to," he continues, "was that I enacted 'The Retreat from Moscow' in front of my Roman ruin. . . . I dropped scraps of paper through the top of the scenery for a snowstorm, and I had tin soldiers for the Russian Army." For the rest, the editors of "Spectator's Gallery" deserve thanks for perpetuating a number of things much too good to be regarded as merely ephemeral work. The list of writers represented contains many famous names, including G. K. Chesterton (on St. Thomas Aquinas), E. F. Benson (on Frank Harris and Arnold Bennett), T. S. Eliot (on George Herbert), and Aldous Huxley (on D. H. Lawrence in Etruria), together with essays or poems by W. B. Yeats, John Galsworthy, André Maurois, and Professor Gilbert Murray.

Most boys are devotees of the military art as practised with tin (or, more commonly, lead) soldiers, or dramatised in toy theatres, and those destined to become eminent writers are not peculiar in that respect. Comparatively few, however, at least among civilians, maintain their enthusiasm for the subject in later life, as does the author of "THE TACTICS AND STRATEGY OF THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH." By Hilaire Belloc. With numerous Maps and Plans (Arrowsmith; 10s. 6d.). This book synchronises opportunely with Mr. Winston Churchill's new biography of his celebrated ancestor (Vol. I. of which is reviewed on another page of this number). Mr. Belloc has not attempted a full survey of Marlborough's military career, but aims only at explaining simply the main lines of six important operations—the campaign and battle of Blenheim (1704), the forcing of the lines of Brabant (1705), the Battles of Ramillies (1706), Oudenarde (1708), and Malplaquet (1710), and the forcing of the lines of Flanders and Artois (1711). The whole book, written with Mr. Belloc's accustomed vigour and lucidity, will enthral students of military history and technique.

Mr. Belloc lays special emphasis on a hitherto little-noticed phase of Marlborough's tactical genius displayed at Ramillies, "the one great decisive battle of these wars and the one which lost to Louis XIV. all hold upon the Netherlands." Mr. Belloc has been over the battle-ground himself, and he shows conclusively how Marlborough took advantage of a slight dip in the ground between the French army and his own to transfer troops from one wing to the other unobserved by the enemy until too late. "I am not acquainted with any document," writes Mr. Belloc, "in which it is specially pointed out, nor with any description of the battle in which its special value is made clear." Mr. Belloc can thus claim to have revealed for the first time, apparently, the importance of this manoeuvre as a brilliant and unique example of Marlborough's rapidity and exactitude of judgment in observing the lie of the land. In conclusion, I would respectfully bring to Mr. Belloc's notice one or two minor points that might call for attention in a future edition. Thus on page 20 he refers to Marlborough's "prime successes, the victories of Marlborough, Blenheim, and Ramillies"; on page 129 the plan of Ramillies contains the name "Notre Eglise," elsewhere given as "Autre Eglise"; on page 132 (fifth line) the word "making" should perhaps be "marking"; and on page 143, according to the context, he seems to have inadvertently written "the French left and the Allied right" (instead of "the French right and the Allied left") as being at the southern end of the battlefield.

Readers with a taste for historical biography, service reminiscences, aviation, descriptions of war, and aspirations towards peace, cannot complain of any scarcity of pabulum. Here are some books of special note on such subjects with which I hope to deal anon—"NAPOLEON III.: THE MODERN EMPEROR." By Robert Sencourt. Illustrated (Benn; 21s.); "SABRE AND SADDLE." By Lieut.-Colonel E. A. W. Stothard. With Foreword by Sir Percy Sykes. Illustrations, Maps, and Plans (Seeley Service; 18s.); "AN AIRMAN MARCHES." By H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.); "AIRMAN'S WORLD." A Book about Flying. By Peter Supf. Translated by Cyrus Brooks. With 103 illustrations (Routledge; 10s. 6d.); and "THE BULWARKS OF PEACE" And International Justice. By Heber L. Hart, K.C., LL.D. New and Revised Edition (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). This last has a particular bearing on that hardy perennial, the disarmament problem, lately revived at Geneva. C. E. B.

THE "ZOO'S" DOMESTICATED TIGRESS:

DIANA, WHO SLEEPS ON A BED AND MOTORS.



THE TAME TIGRESS THAT HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE LONDON "ZOO":
THE DOMESTICATED DIANA READY FOR A MOTOR-RIDE IN INDIA.



DIANA, THE TIGRESS, SLEEPING ON A BED IN THE ROOM SHE SHARED WITH
THE THREE SONS OF MR. J. H. PRICE, OF CHATRA, WHO REARED HER FROM
A CUB AND FED HER FROM THE BOTTLE.



DIANA, THE MOTORIST: THE PET TIGER ABOUT TO BE TAKEN FOR A RIDE.

the rope. She romps away, and to accompany her into the thickets is the most interesting of experiences. With the change of environment, she becomes almost her wild self. She will disappear for a while, only to return and meet her master further ahead, racing towards him and brushing up against his legs with delight. When she wanders far she is called by name, whereupon she returns, but if her rope has caught in some bush or crevice, she roars back until released. After an hour or so she is led homewards, and, being hungry after her exercise, makes straight for the kitchen and sits on the steps growling and arguing with the cook, until he throws her a joint, which she takes into the verandah to chew. Her bed is brought into the verandah in the evenings, along with the beds of the rest of the family, and is tied to a pillar to prevent her pulling it about. Once in it, she sleeps the night through. The thick *sal* jungle, on the edge of which Mr. Price's bungalow stands, harbours small game in plenty, and often on her evening romps Diana, picking up the scent of deer or pig, has chased them. However, she has not yet killed of her own volition."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. J. ZORAH.

DIANA has been presented to the "Zoo" by Mr. Alfred Ezra, and it was arranged that she should reach there last Wednesday, October 4. She was brought up as a household pet by Mr. J. H. Price, of Chatra, Hazaribagh District, who obtained her when she was a cub and reared her with the aid of a feeding-bottle. She was two years old last July. The following is a condensation of an article which appeared in the "Illustrated Weekly of India" when Diana was still in the possession of Mr. Price: "She shares a room with Mr. Price's three sons, and is particularly clean in her habits. She is fed on several *seers* of raw meat, and bowls of milk, and spends the day indoors, lying on her own *charpoy* [bed] or playing. She is not averse to dogs. Diana, however, loathes cats and goes for them on sight. Diana's activities begin at dusk when she is led out into the garden on a rope lead which she wears fixed to a stout canvas collar. This is not intended to tie her up with, but only as a check, and something by which she can be guided and held. Every evening she is given a bath, which consists of several cans of water being poured over her from a garden can, a procedure she relishes. This fills her with uncontrollable energy which she works off by pacing round a tree-stump to which she is haltered until it is time for her daily walk. Having made sure that the adjacent jungles are free of cowherds and their cattle, Diana's warders lead her into her native haunts, and a little way in leave

[Continued above.]



DIANA ENJOYING A SHOWER-BATH PROVIDED WITH THE AID OF A WATERING-CAN, ONE OF HER DELIGHTS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE FISHING-CAT, AND SOME FELINE CONTRASTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE fine study of the head of a snarling fishing-cat shown in the adjoining illustration was recently exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. It was sent to me as a possible theme for one of my essays on this page; and I am indeed glad to have it, for this animal is by no means common, and is of more than ordinary interest in the matter of its habits and coloration. Larger than the domesticated cat, with a more elongate face and relatively shorter legs, it differs still more in the markings of the body, which take the form of oblong spots rather than stripes, running longitudinally, the arrangement found in the serval and recalling the civets, hence the scientific name *Felis viverrina*. Now, it is from the civet tribe, probably, that the cats have descended; hence this coloration may perhaps be regarded as an ancestral survival.

Be this as it may, it is worth noting that the cats have, so to speak, made much more of this spotted coat than have the civets; and the cats are also vastly more numerous in species. In some, the spots have enlarged to form rings or rosettes, as in the leopard and the jaguar, or to form irregular longitudinal bands, as in the ocelot; in others they have blended in the opposite way, to form transverse stripes, as in the tiger and our tabby-cat; while all markings have vanished in the lion and the puma, wherein, it will be it noted, the young are spotted.

These various patterns are related more or less intimately to the environment in which these creatures live, a view confirmed by the striped hide of the tiger, whose haunts are grass jungles; the leopard, which commonly lies in wait for prey along the bough of some great forest tree; or the lion, living in sandy plains interspersed with thorn-thickets or low bushes and rank grass. But there seems no explanation at present for a curious difference shown by the eyes of cats. In the fishing-cat, leopard cat, and that curious creature the eyra, the pupil is always round, whereas in all others, when contracted, it is vertical. Nothing that we can find in their choice of food or time of feeding throws any light on this peculiarity.

It is not till we turn to the theme of habits that our real interest in the fishing-cat is aroused. For it departs from the traditions of its tribe not merely in that it shows no distaste for getting wet, but that it is an adept at catching fish, though unfortunately no European has ever witnessed this fisherman at his hunting. But we can form a shrewd guess as to the circumstances which led to the formation of his habit, and this, too, from a somewhat unexpected source. For there are several records of our own domesticated tabby-cat having become expert fishermen. And in all such cases, I believe, it has been a country-bred animal, which had discovered or acquired a taste for water-voles. With such quarry an eager and perhaps hungry cat will begin with clutching hold of a victim just as it gained the water, or even springing on it in shallow water. Dr. William Murray, the brother-in-law of Sir James Barrie, we are told, had a cat which constantly followed him on his visits to the river. One day when he was bathing, the cat plunged into the water and swam across to him and climbed on to his shoulders. Ever afterwards this cat constantly visited the water on his own account, and, swimming



1. A FINE STUDY OF A SNARLING FISHING-CAT (*FELIS VIVERRINA*) GIVING A LIVELY IMPRESSION OF THE ANIMAL'S NOTORIOUS FEROCITY: A SPECIES PREDOMINANTLY AQUATIC IN ITS WAY OF LIFE.

The fishing-cat of South-East Asia has other characteristics which distinguish it from the rest of the tribe besides its aquatic mode of life, so "uncatlike" in the popular conception. The face is longer than that of other cats, and presents a further peculiarity in that the pupil of the eye is round; whereas, of course, in nearly all other cats the pupil (when contracted) is vertical. Its reputation for ferocity is justly earned, since, when in the neighbourhood of native villages, it will kill sheep and even calves. On one occasion a newly-caught male was put into a cage separated by a thin partition from one containing a tame female leopard. It broke through and killed the leopard, though this was twice its size! The remarkable photograph reproduced here (by E. J. Hosking) was exhibited at this year's exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society.

after small fry, would drive them into shallow water and capture his prizes. Hence, then, accident, here as in so many cases, may lead to a profoundly different mode of life. Under some such circumstances the ancestral fishing-cat may have quite suddenly made the discovery that fish were as easy to catch as land animals; and all cats seem to have an inherent taste for fish.

Here, then, we have a most interesting indication as to the way in which new habits and modes of feeding come about. And these changed habits, intensively followed through successive generations, inevitably give rise to responsive structural changes. In this way we can imagine some otter-like creature drifting further and further down the rivers to the estuaries, and then out to sea to feed, returning to land only to rest and sleep, and for breeding purposes. The sea-lions and seals give us two stages in this process of transformation. We see the final termination in the whales, which must pass their whole lives well out at sea. Habit always precedes structure. The limitation of any organ to one set of activities only, through a long succession of generations, inevitably moulds the form of that organ in response to the incidence of the particular stimuli to which it is subjected. Once started, other parts of the

body may be involved in the change, so that profound modifications in the form of the body may ultimately result.

But to revert to the fishing-cat. Its geographical range is extensive, since it runs from India to Southern China. Yet throughout this vast area it is by no means generally distributed. It is found also in Ceylon, and along the flanks of the Himalayas as far as Nepal, whence it passes into Burma and the Malay Peninsula and the South of China. Always it is found in the neighbourhood of thickets bordering lakes and swamps and rivers, its principal sources of food. It seems, however, to be by no means confined to a diet of fish, and is said to eat the large land-snail *Ampullaria* found in such haunts. Doubtless it will eat any kind of food which comes in its way when hungry. The charge of killing calves and sheep in the neighbourhood of native villages supports this supposition. Its ferocity is attested by the fact that when a newly caught male was put into a cage separated by a thin partition from one containing a tame female leopard, it broke through and killed the leopard, though twice its size.

For the purposes of comparison, I give two other pictures. The first is of Pallas's cat, a handsomely coloured animal, wherein the general coloration passes from silvery-grey to yellowish-buff, darker on the back, with the loins crossed by dark bands, while the rather heavy, short tail is marked by a series of dark rings. It will be noted that this cat, which is nearly related to our wild cat, has a strikingly short face, which is also very broad, while the eyes are more forwardly directed than in any other species. A native of the Siberian Steppes, the Mongolian deserts, and the highlands of Tibet, it is said to feed largely on the small rodents known as picas, or tail-less hares (*Lagomys*). This is the species which the naturalist Pallas regarded as the ancestral stock from which the Angora or Persian cat was derived, perhaps because of the conspicuous length of its fur. But his conclusions are open to question. My second picture is of one of the lynxes, remarkable among the cat tribe for the tufts of hair which surmount the ears, and the conspicuously short tail. They haunt rocky places and forests, where, being expert climbers, they spend much time concealed amid the branches of large trees. Some authorities recognise no fewer than eight species, four of which are found in the Old and four in the New World. But since they show so many intermediate forms in the matter of size and coloration, the number of species will



2. A FINELY-FURRED "WILD CAT" FROM CENTRAL ASIA: PALLAS'S CAT, WHEREIN THE GENERAL COLORATION PASSES FROM SILVERY-GREY TO YELLOWISH-BUFF, DARKER ON THE BACK, WITH THE LOINS CROSSED BY DARK BANDS. This cat was believed by the old naturalist Pallas to be the ancestor of the Angora cat—but the evidence for this is seriously open to question. Another peculiarity of the animal is the very short broad face.—[Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.]



3. A NORTH EUROPEAN LYNX: AN ANIMAL WHICH STANDS IN STRONG CONTRAST TO THE OTHER CATS ON ACCOUNT OF THE LONG PENCIL OF HAIRS, OR TUFTS, WHICH SURMOUNTS THE EARS, AND THE CONSPICUOUSLY SHORT TAIL.—[Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.]

probably have to be reduced when further information concerning them is obtained. The fact that the more northern species are less distinctly spotted, and have longer fur than those further south, is what we should expect, for the more spotted hide is less conspicuous among foliage.

DRIVING A CAR THROUGH A BRICK WALL! AN EXTRAORDINARY TEST.

PHOTOGRAPHS EXTRACTED FROM A SOUND-FILM BY COURTESY OF MORRIS MOTORS, LTD.



AN OLD MORRIS CAR SUBJECTED TO THE SEVEREST IMAGINABLE ORDEAL : SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF A FILM (TO BE VIEWED FROM THE TOP LEFT DOWNWARD) SHOWING IT DRIVEN THROUGH A WALL AND EMERGING STILL SERVICEABLE.

We reproduce here successive phases from the most astonishing of five sound-films recently exhibited by Sir William Morris to an invited audience at the Cambridge Theatre, London. Their purpose is indicated by the following extract from the running commentary: "Some little time ago we took over an old Morris car that had served its owner well to the extent of 48,000 miles' running. We wanted to find out just what an old Morris model would stand, and subjected it to an extraordinary series of difficult tests. First we gave it an ordeal by water; ploughing it unmercifully through a deep, muddy-bottomed water-splash. After that, we gave the old veteran a trial by fire.

Petrol was lavishly poured all over the engine and body, and purposely set alight. After the fire was put out by portable extinguishers, the driver pressed the self-starter, and the engine responded. Next we tried to see what would be the result of running the car through a brick wall. There she goes! Right through the centre of a brick wall. Well, we don't expect cars to stand up to that sort of treatment, but this one did. The windscreen was broken, but, being of Triplex glass, it did not fly or hit the driver's face, and he was quite cheerful even after this ordeal." The last photograph was taken after he had circled the car round behind the wall again and driven it through the hole a second time!

RUSSIAN BALLET—HAMMER AND SICKLE VERSION: AN IMPERIAL ENTERTAINMENT MAINTAINED, BUT SOVIETISED.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOSCOW BALLET—ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT ORNAMENTS OF THE IMPERIAL RÉGIME—UNDER THE SOVIETS: AN EFFECT OF "MASS-PURPOSE" IN A BALLET WITH THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AS ITS BACKGROUND—"THE FLAME OF PARIS."

Russian Ballet has attracted enormous interest in Western Europe ever since that memorable day in 1907 on which Diaghilev, Ibbett, and Fokin opened their season at the Châtelet Theatre, in Paris, with a Russian company. Far from declining, Russian Ballet has enjoyed a revival of popularity this year. The "Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo," which began at the Alhambra on July 4, recently reached the hundredth performance. Memorable ballets are still being performed in the Grand Theatre at Moscow, a city whose Russian Ballet flourished as a branch of that in St. Petersburg and, later, gained recognition on its own account; and it is of great interest to learn that the first Russian Ballet company to appear in America, the Ballets Russes de Paris, will all tell of the possible development under the Soviet régime of the traditions going back to the eighteenth century, a curious anomaly in the land of the Five-Year Plans. Yet its popularity there seems unquestionable. Below is what Mrs. R. Townsend has to say.

FOR many years the Moscow Ballet was a branch of that in St. Petersburg. Any dancers who had fallen out of favour (for some reason, or had failed to show special abilities, were transferred, to Moscow; while the best of the Moscow Ballet was invariably removed to Petersburg. It was only towards the end of the nineteenth century that the Moscow Ballet acquired importance on its own account. It was at that time that the gifted innovator A. Gorsky collected around himself the more talented of the young Moscow dancers and introduced the reforms which were continued and supplemented by the famous M. Fokin. During the early post-revolutionary years no new ballets were produced. The repertory consisted entirely of classics performed up to 1917. The first big new departure was "Esmeralda," produced by V. Tikhomirov in 1926. A year later, on June 12, 1927, "The Red Poppy," with a Chinese setting, was produced. So far, this is the most successful ballet that has been brought out during the last fifteen years. The music for it was written by R. Glier; and the libretto was composed by the artist M. Kurliko.

The decorations are also the work of the latter. The ballet-masters are V. Tikhomirov and L. Lashchilin. The first and third acts are by Lashchilin, and the second is by Tikhomirov. The classical dances are the work of the latter, and the character or ethnographical dances that of Lashchilin. The outstanding features of Chinese art are grotesqueness, intricacy of pattern, and delicacy of detail. All the lines twist, wave, inter-twine, and finish off with sharp or horned ends. How could the grotesquerie of Chinese art be expressed in the clear language of the classical ballet? V. Tikhomirov employed a special method. Pas



DOUBTLESS OF GREAT TOPICAL INTEREST IN RUSSIA, WHERE "FUTBOL," FORMERLY ANATHEMATISED AS CALCULATED TO FOSTER A SPIRIT OF ANTAGONISM AMONG PROLETARIANS, WAS RECENTLY SANCTIONED BY THE SOVIET AUTHORITIES AS A VALUABLE GYMNASIAC EXERCISE: A FOOTBALLERS' BALLET; WITH THE ACTIONS OF PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS STYLED IN AN ODD MANNER.

[Continued above.]

quatre, ruy-bell—all that had served only as a decorative purpose and played merely an auxiliary part in the classical ballet was used in "The Red Poppy" as material for the most characteristic features of the Chinese dance. Lashinell and his partner depicted two young Chinese, a girl and a boy, playing a game of hide-and-seek. The English dancer, in the role of the girl, was able to make the most of his light touch; there is not a documentary way. M. Kariklo, the artist who designed the costumes and the decorations, also laid no stress on ethnographic or historical accuracy. His work is based on realism; but it is a conventional kind of realism. The music to "The Red Poppy," as already stated, was composed by R. Glier. The libretto was written by G. Glazunov, the son-in-law of that Tchaikovsky and Glazunov, the first Russian composers to raise ballet music to a high artistic level. Glier employs methods of treatment applied in the symphony, as



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BALLET IN MOSCOW, WHERE IT
REMARKABLE DEGREE: AN ALLEGRO, ALMOST

well as the descriptive methods applied to programme and opera music. To fix the attention of the audience to one or other of the characters or the dramatic situation, he introduces the leit-motif. In conclusion, a little space must be devoted to Ekaterina Geltzer, who takes the leading part of the Chinese in the *Grand Ballet du Kremlin*. She is undoubtedly one of the best-known ballerinas in the history of the Russian Ballet. She is not only a first-class dancer, but a wonderful dramatic actress. Following in the best traditions of the famous Italian ballerinas Pierina Legnani and Virginia Zucchi, she assimilated all that the Russian Ballet school, with its high standards, could give her; borrowed all that was best from Isadora Duncan; and added to her already great qualities a new element, the creative power of a genius. She has been dancing since 1904, but still her creative power and capacity for building up new rôles never fails. To see her

If continued below on right



HAS RETAINED ITS TRADITIONAL CHARACTERISTICS TO
PASTORAL MOVEMENT IN THE "FLAME OF PARIS."



THE BALLET CATCHES THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT: MASSES PERFORMERS IN A SCENE FROM "THE FLAME OF PARIS"—SOMEWHAT REMINISCENT OF THE TREMENDOUS SPECTACLES MAYERHOLD ORGANISED TO STAGE THE RED REVOLUTION.

On the stage, one would not guess that she will soon celebrate the fortieth anniversary of her stage work—she looks so young. Gelfinder stays for a whole epoch in the history of the Russian Ballet and of the Moscow school in particular. But alongside this great talent, the Moscow Ballet can pride itself on many youthful dancers of talent who have come to the fore in the last few years. Among these are Aaaf and Sulamit Messerer, Vera and Tatiana Vasileva, M. Shmekhina, V. Budkina, A. Yermolaev, Tsarman, and Rudenko. Yermolaev and Simonova are especially worthy of mention. They were transferred from Leningrad to Moscow not long ago and belong to the same school. The same virtuosity, the same love of difficulties, of astounding feats bordering on acrobatics. They give first place to remarkable *tour de force* formerly regarded as impossible, and not to academic correctness of movement. The furious speed at which they execute their dances gives them a special brilliance. Simonova is particularly successful in gyrating dances—*piroettes*, *tours*, whirling round the stage in *piroettes* at an "impossible" speed. One of Simonova's best rôles is the double one of Odette-Odile, in Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake." The last-named ballet is one of the most successful productions of the famous stage-master, Gorsky. He did not tend to care for the classical ballet and was constantly trying to reform it. Wherever he substituted his own ideas for the classical, he was successful. He was not so successful in his reforms of any kind. In "Swan Lake," however, Gorsky retained the old classic tradition transmitted to him by his teacher, the famous Marius Petipaas. "Swan Lake" is a typical "white ballet," with all the classical "points," the gauzy skirts, exquisite poses and groups; a thing straight out of old albums of engravings. "Swan Lake" is a fantasy. A wicked magician, Rotbart, has enthralled the Princess Odette. She and all her friends are turned into swans. Only love can free her from the spell. But if he who loves Odette should break faith

with her, she and her friends will die. Prince Siegfried, while out hunting near the Swan Lake, falls in love with her and makes a vow to remain faithful to her. His mother wants to marry him to someone else. Siegfried refuses all the brides offered him, but at length Rothbart brings up his daughter Odile, who resembles Odette. Siegfried mistakes her for Odette and swears to love her. The swans are doomed, but the love of Siegfried saves Odette. Tchaikovsky's music to the ballet is extraordinarily rich in melody. The rhythm of the waltz that prevails among the solo dances is embodied in graceful and captivating movements — most happily worked out



A SCENE FROM "THE RED POPPY," A SUCCESSFUL POST-REVOLUTION BALLET: A WORK WITH A CHINESE SETTING, IN WHICH CERTAIN BIZARRE FLOURISHES, USED MERELY AS DECORATIVE AUXILIARIES IN CLASSICAL BALLET, ARE EMPLOYED AS THE FOUNDATIONS UPON WHICH CHINESE DANCES ARE "BUILT" FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF SOVIET RUSSIAN AUDIENCES.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

INSTANS TYRANNUS: HOLBEIN PORTRAITS OF HENRY VIII.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE publication of the very important portrait illustrated in colours in this issue—a painting long believed to be from the hand of Lucas Hornebolt, but now, after careful cleaning, revealed as the work of Hans Holbein himself—naturally raises the query as to what authentic pictures of the King by his Court painter have so far been identified. The problem is discussed at considerable length in the current issue of the *Burlington Magazine* by the leading European authority on the subject, Dr. Paul Ganz, of Basle, whose conclusions are, briefly, as follows:

(1) The earliest, from the year 1536, is the small bust belonging to Earl Spencer at Althorp, showing Henry turned three-quarters to the right. Painted at the same time is a companion picture of Jane Seymour, his third wife, turned three-quarters to the left, now at the Hague. In 1912 this Jane Seymour portrait was published by Dr. Ganz, on page 195 of "Klassiker der Kunst," as a copy of a lost picture; he now accepts it as genuine.

(2) A cartoon in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, showing Henry VIII. and his father,



1. A HOLBEIN CARTOON OF KING HENRY VIII.: A WORKING DRAWING FOR THE FAMOUS WALL-PAINTING EXECUTED IN THE KING'S PRIVY CHAMBER IN THE OLD PALACE AT WHITEHALL, IN 1537.

The large composition for which this cartoon was made showed the King, his parents, and Jane Seymour standing by a Renaissance fireplace. It was destroyed by fire in 1697. The cartoon is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Reproductions by Courtesy of Dr. Ganz; and by permission of the owners. Copyrights reserved.

example, is eloquent upon the subject—but his own evil life is sufficient to account for his progressive physical degeneration between 1536 and 1542, without having recourse to a sudden blow to his self-esteem.]

Instead of sentimentalising over such a monstrous character, I would prefer to draw your attention to the extraordinary mixture of skill, truthfulness, and tact with which Hans Holbein carried out his task. Working for Henry must have been an occupation not without risk—one that would surely be classified by our present Home Office as a "dangerous trade": a slip of the tongue could very easily land a man in the Tower, and a too intimate and revealing portrait might produce a similar tragedy. But Holbein was too honest an artist to give the world anything but the man as he saw him; he might, and did, conceal the King's gross carcass beneath a magnificent robe, but he did not shirk the cunning little pig's eyes, the heavy jowl, the weary, jaded, flabby features; he could exercise restraint, but he could not descend to flattery: in which respect—among others—he shows himself so infinitely superior to the great Court painter of the following century—Van Dyke.

Now, of these four portraits, one is a cartoon, and a second—that at Rome—is not wholly accepted by authority; we are left with only two, Lord Spencer's and this new discovery at Castle Howard. There must surely be others somewhere, not only the possible original of the Rome example—if that is indeed a copy—but two or three in addition; for it is hard to believe that the King gave his painter no other

commissions of a similar character. A fifth, undoubtedly by Holbein, is, of course, the famous picture hanging in Barbers' Hall, showing Henry surrounded by eighteen kneeling doctors, among them Butts and Chambers; but this is so damaged as scarcely to preserve a shadow of the master's original work. It is the last important commission undertaken by him (1543) before his sudden death from the plague.

As regards Henry's wives, the portrait of Anne of Cleves (1540) in the Louvre has already been mentioned, as also the Jane Seymour of 1536. There is another Jane Seymour, three-quarters length, at Vienna, and a companion picture to this of the King must also have existed: some authorities have thought an example at Windsor is the original, but Dr. Ganz is quite definite that the Windsor picture is a copy. The National Portrait Gallery bought a copy of a Katherine Howard portrait in 1898, and some years afterwards the original was discovered. This is of



2. THE WINDSOR CASTLE PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII.: CONSIDERED BY SOME TO BE A HOLBEIN ORIGINAL; BUT ACCORDING TO THE GREAT AUTHORITY, DR. GANZ, A GOOD EARLY COPY.

exceptional interest because the Queen is wearing on her breast a jewel designed by Holbein himself; his drawing for it is not the least of the national treasures of the British Museum. It is notorious

that your great Renaissance artist would turn his hand to designing a jewel or a clock-case with as much delight as he would paint a picture, and Holbein was no exception. In this, the four-hundredth anniversary year of the birth of Queen Elizabeth, it is not without point to recall that Holbein was engaged, with the goldsmith Hans of Antwerp, on the decoration of a silver cradle; we have no proof that it was for the Princess, but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that so costly an object was for royal use. He certainly painted her mother, Anne Boleyn, but this picture exists only in copies. The drawing for this belongs to the Earl of Bradford, and it is by no means impossible that the original may yet come to light. No portrait of Catherine Parr, Henry's sixth wife, is known, nor of Mary or Elizabeth; the discovery of a Holbein painting of the latter as a baby would

be the most important event of the century in the world of art. The little Prince Edward was painted annually from the time he was twelve months old; it is unlikely the two girls were thus honoured.



3. THE EARLIEST OF THE SURVIVING PAINTINGS OF HENRY VIII. BY HOLBEIN (THE OTHER BEING THE CASTLE HOWARD PORTRAIT REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON A DOUBLE-PAGE IN THIS ISSUE): THE SMALL BUST BELONGING TO THE EARL OF SPENCER; DATING FROM 1536.

It is most interesting to compare Henry's features in the Spencer portrait, when he was forty-five, with his appearance in the Castle Howard portrait, painted some six years later. In the manifest degeneration and aging that have occurred, Dr. Ganz sees the terrible effect of the revelation of Queen Katherine Howard's misconduct upon the King's dreams of happiness.

Henry VII.—a working drawing for the famous wall-painting in the King's Privy Chamber at Whitehall Palace, painted in 1537. This large composition, showing the King, his parents, and Jane Seymour standing by a Renaissance fireplace, was destroyed by fire in 1697. Luckily, a small copy was



4. PERHAPS THE ACTUAL PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII. PAINTED IN 1540, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MARRIAGE TO ANNE OF CLEVES: A FINE STUDY IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT ROME—OF DOUBTFUL AUTHENTICITY, ACCORDING TO DR. GANZ.

“The Oyster is a gentle thing,
And will not come unless you sing”

OLD PROVERB

Remember this. Remember, too,
Not every kind of song will do.
So profit by this little rhyme
And always sing in “Guinness Time”



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE COMING MUSICAL SEASON.

THE coming musical season is of even larger proportions than last year's. Our four leading orchestral societies are each responsible for a series of symphony concerts beginning in October. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra is giving at the Queen's Hall eighteen concerts, which are divided for subscription purposes into three series, A, B, and C, of six concerts each. Each of these series is of a different character, thus enabling music-lovers for whom the whole series is too much to choose according to their taste. This is following the practice of the last few seasons, and it is an interesting fact that it has been found that the series with the most classical music is the most popular.

The classics, however, contribute largely to each of the series, and there are also certain novelties in each series. The chief novelty in Series A is Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, which is practically unknown in London, although it may have been performed here many years ago. The most interesting of the other novelties in this series are new pianoforte concertos by Bartók and Prokofiev, in which the composers themselves will be the soloists. Another concerto which is practically a novelty is that by Busoni for pianoforte and orchestra and male voice chorus. This will be played by Busoni's well-known pupil, Egon Petri.

The chief novelty of Series B is also a Ninth Symphony, namely, Mahler's in D. This also is a work which is unknown to the present generation of music-lovers. An interesting item is a sonata by Gabrieli for brass; otherwise this series consists of well-known works, including a liberal quantity of Strauss. Series C is notable for including the first performance in England of the complete opera "Wozzeck," by Alban Berg. This opera, which has been the most successful in modern times in Germany, is here known only by some excerpts given by the B.B.C. at a studio concert about a year ago. It will be interesting to see this opera performed on the concert platform. This is the

only novelty in Series C. A number of well-known soloists and conductors have been engaged. Dr. Adrian Boult conducts the majority of the concerts, but two are to be conducted by Sir Henry Wood and Sir Thomas Beecham. Foreign conductors are represented by Bruno Walter, Felix Weingartner, and Ernest Ansermet. Among the soloists are Josef Hofmann, Adolf Busch, Giesecking, Szigeti, and Schnabel.

Sir Thomas Beecham will be in charge of the Royal Philharmonic Society's season, and will have under him the London Philharmonic Orchestra. He is conducting the majority of the concerts himself, but Albert Coates, Robert Heger, Bruno Walter, Pierre Monteux, Sir Hamilton Harty, and Dr. Adrian Boult will each conduct one concert. The eighteen concerts will take place on Thursday evenings at Queen's Hall, and they contain a plentiful sprinkling of unfamiliar works. The most important among these are Berlioz's "Te Deum," a Symphony in G minor by Stenhammar, a new work by Arnold Bax, and a symphony by Balakirev. The soloists include Szigeti, Giesecking, Thibaud, and Schnabel.

The Courtauld-Sargent concerts will take place this year without Dr. Malcolm Sargent, owing to his serious illness. His place will be taken by two English conductors, Julius Harrison and Leslie Heward. Otto Klemperer was to have conducted the first concert of the season, but he has been released to fulfil a long American engagement, and his place will be taken by Robert Heger. The third concert in December will be conducted by Georg Széll, a conductor from Prague with a very good reputation, who has not appeared in England before. The chief novelties will be a Violin Concerto, "Adelaide," by Mozart, recently discovered in Paris, and a new symphony, his fifth, by Arnold Bax. The soloists include Bronislaw Huberman and Artur Schnabel, and there will be six concerts, beginning on Oct. 16, each concert being given twice.

The London Symphony Orchestra is giving a series of ten orchestral concerts on Monday evenings at Queen's Hall. These will all be conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, and, in addition to the usual quota of the classics, there will be a good deal of

Sibelius and Berlioz in the programmes. In addition to these established organisations, a new series of eight Subscription Concerts on Tuesday evenings at the Queen's Hall is announced by Mr. Wilfrid Van Wyck. This series opens with a recital by Frida Leider on Oct. 10, and will be followed on Oct. 24 by a recital by the famous pianist Josef Hofmann.

W. J. TURNER.

"WOMEN KIND," AT THE PHOENIX.

THE punning title reveals to the professional playgoer how little depth this comedy will have; within three minutes of the rise of the curtain the most undiscerning must guess the lines on which it will run. They are tried and trusty lines. There is George, the smug, matter-of-fact husband, who trusts his wife implicitly for the reason that he thinks he can read her every thought. His mentality may be judged from that, and even more from the fact that his favourite praise for a woman is: "Sweet as a nut, sound as a bell, and clean as a hound's tooth." Naturally, otherwise no play, there is his wife. Married five years; fond of, but mildly bored with, her husband. Thinks his thought-reading of her not quite so good as he imagines. So far she has been good (as Lady Millamant has it) because she has been able to avoid temptation, which is all that any woman can promise for her virtue. Pretending a search for her husband, she drops into his friend's room. He, Larry, makes love to her, if only that he is anxious to prove how little George knows of her character. Then appears on the scene a young niece, fresh from school; she is a sophisticated little minx, but speedily wins Larry's heart. The plot of the play, the light comedy mixture as before, is as banal as this description intends to imply. But it is salted with such humour, and acted with such skill, that it makes delightful entertainment. Mr. Barry Jones (whose "timing" of a line is a joy to watch) certainly got over the footlights the impression that he is the world's greatest heart-breaker. Mr. Ronald Simpson, as the type of husband who before dinner reads bits from the newspaper, and says "Seen your mother, to-day?" was excellent. Miss Lily Cahill has charm and vivacity, while Miss Kay Hammond, as the sophisticated ingénue, made her points with a sureness that suggests she may develop into another Miss Marie Tempest.

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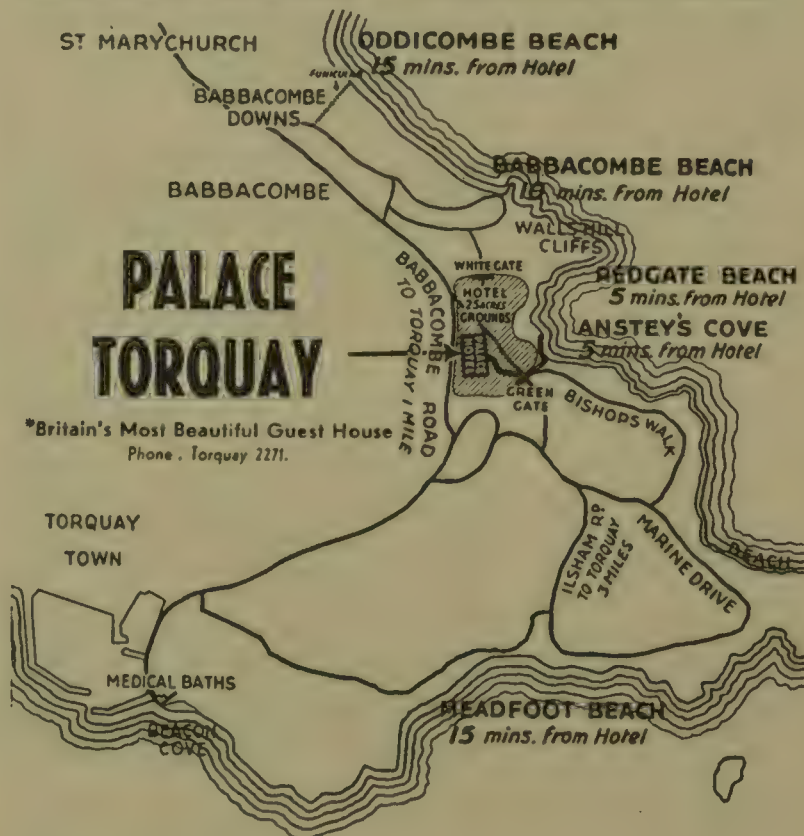
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THIS is the season for motor-parties, as each of the manufacturers gathers together his agents, distributors, suppliers, the Press, and distinguished motorists generally, to see his new models before they are to be exposed to the general public eye at Olympia. They are very hospitable affairs, as rival manufacturers gather at these functions and discuss the merits of their own and others' products, so that considerable information is obtained as to the

number of 8-h.p. cars—just under 200—covered over 300,000 miles, from Sept. 11 to 14, without a hitch, having travelled through practically every important centre throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales during



THE JOYS OF MOTORING IN ENGLAND: OWNERS OF A 1934 HILLMAN "MINK" SALOON DE LUXE ENJOYING THE MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA COMMANDED BY THE SUMMIT OF BOX HILL, NEAR DORKING.

trend of the motor industry. I was present last week at one of these, given by the Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq combination, known as S.T.D. Motors, Ltd., at the Barby Road Works, Shepherd's Bush. The gathering was graced by the presence of peers of the realm; in a sense it was historical, as the Talbot cars were born in London at these works in the year of King Edward's Coronation.

Motorists owe much to this firm's designers, for Talbot cars were the first to be produced with what is known as the long-stroke engine. Previously to their advent, most cylinders were as long as they were wide in their combustion chambers. The Talbot engineers discovered that large additional power could be given to the engine by increasing the stroke of the piston, if they could make the flywheel turn as fast as the ordinary short-stroke, or "square," power-unit. It was this extra power which gave S.T.D., Ltd., its early reputation for very quick motors, as they gained prize after prize, both at home and abroad, with Sunbeam and Talbot engines in various competitions and road races. Talbot models, by the way, are known under their speed value more than their engine rating, and so are termed "65," "75," "95," and "105," instead of the rating of 13.8 h.p., 17.9 h.p., and 20.9 h.p. Fitted with a large variety of attractive coachwork, they made an excellent display at this gathering, whose visitors were received by Sir Travers Clarke and Mr. Andrew Robertson, the chairman and general managing director of S.T.D. Motors. As all these cars will be seen at Olympia, there is no need to describe any of their details here, except that the self-changing accelerating gear-box is applied to these models, so that they will have an equal appeal to the lady driver as to the enthusiastic racing motorist.

Remarkable Reliability: It is always pleasant to see a successful motor trial, and the Ford Company must have been very pleased when their large



A LIGHT CAR THAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF TO THE LADY MOTORIST BY ITS HANDINESS AND SMART APPEARANCE: A 1934 STANDARD "NINE."

how suitable the various Ford chassis were to carry special coachwork, as well as the ordinary standard bodies provided by the Ford Company. I am looking forward to visiting it during the period of the Olympia Show, as they both coincide in date, so that one can easily proceed from one to the other, as well as having a change of venue and environment.

Prices Reduced to See Olympia.

There will be only three five-shilling days at the Olympia Motor Show, opening on Oct. 12, this year, in place of five days with that fee for admission last year. In fact, except on Thursdays, Oct. 12 and 19, and Tuesday (Ladies' Day), Oct. 17, when the price is 5s. up to 5 p.m., half-a-crown admits the visitor. Last year this reduction was only after



A PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS EVIDENCE OF THE INCREASING EXPORT OF ENGLISH-MADE CARS: A MORRIS SALOON BEFORE THE FAMOUS MOUNT EGMONT, IN NEW ZEALAND, WHICH RISES SHEER FROM A FLAT UNBROKEN PLAIN, SCARCELY 200 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, TO 8260 FT.!

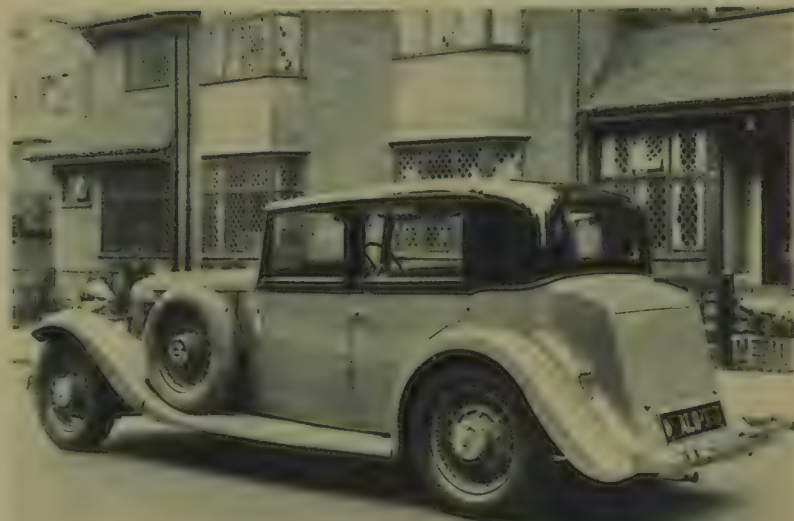
that short time. Ford, by the way, is holding his own exhibition in London, at the Albert Hall, during the Motor Show, as he did at the White City last year. It was a very successful display, as it gave the public a chance to see

6 o'clock in the evening, so the cheaper period has been extended, as well as curtailing the "dollar" days. Mention of dollar reminds me that my motoring friends in the United States write me that home sales there are increasing, so that, although 1932 was a most disastrous year for the American motor trade, they hope that 1933 will see some firms "break even," and possibly one or two make profits in place of the huge losses experienced during the past two years. Still, a country which in bad times has 24,317,020 motor-vehicles registered on its roads must recover from even the deepest of slumps, if only by its replacement business. Our British registrations only total a mere 1,400,000 in round figures, but we steadily increase both our home and export business.

Lubrication Charts Presented Gratis.

Every visitor to the forthcoming Olympia Motor Show who owns a car should not fail to visit Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co.'s stand in the Grand Hall Gallery, as there a free distribution of Castrol lubrication charts for over 100 different models will be presented to the caller, together with any information on lubricating problems. Last year twenty thousand charts were presented at Olympia. As these charts include all the new models introduced at the Show, and have been officially approved by the makers concerned, it is estimated that this year that record will be broken. As a matter of fact, they are extremely useful, as it is an extraordinary thing, but one can never keep the oiling chart in the instruction book very long. It is usually torn out to paste up on the wall of the garage, and gets brushed off and lost. These charts, which are to be given away during Show Week, are clearly printed on strong vellum paper, and will last the life of the car, so I am not at all surprised that so many people "won" them last year. To keep pace with changes in motor-car design, Messrs.

[Continued overleaf.]



A CAR SELECTED BY SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL FOR HIS PRIVATE USE: A SIDDELEY "SPECIAL"—HAVING A CHASSIS SIMILAR TO THAT USED IN THE A.A. SURVEY OF THE LONDON-TO-ISTANBUL ROUTE.

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with ample luggage accommodation
£1460

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with flush folding head
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Cars of a similar type to those announced above
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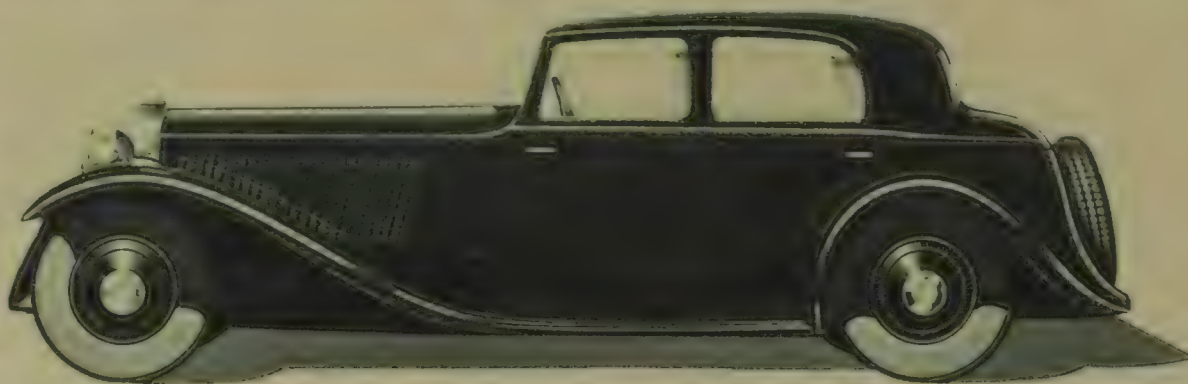
(Continued.)

Wakefield and Co. have published a new edition of their lubrication guide, "Motor-Car Lubrication Simply Explained," and a new booklet on the care and maintenance of motor-boats. Water - motoring is becoming increasingly popular, so that this latter publication is very welcome, as most of us can learn something about the points which may give trouble if not properly cared for.

Improved Coachwork : Streamline Effect.

Visiting the various motor-parties given by the British manufacturers recently at their private views of the new models, I was particularly struck by the long-skirted tails and curved running-boards which are the leading features of the improved coachwork fitted to the various chassis. I will admit there is a certain sameness, as every motor manufacturer has more or less embodied these ideas, as well as a large number of the coachmakers who make special bodies. But the streamline effect is very good, and who can grumble when you get something that is good, even if it is fairly generally adopted? The new small Standard 9 h.p., which has been produced at £135 for the saloon, as a rival to the Ford 8 h.p., is an example of this type; and so are the new Rovers, Daimlers, Wolseleys, Triumphs, Humbers, and Hillmans, as well as Morris and Austins. I am told that Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly have got some novelties in coachwork which will not be revealed until the opening of the Motor Show itself at Olympia, though I have already seen

one very attractive body on the 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis which is destined for that Show. I advise visitors to examine this on the Rolls-Royce stand.



A NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT IN "SPORTS MODEL" DESIGN: A "HOOPER" BENTLEY SPORTS SALOON, WITH A LIGHT YET STURDY BODY, DESIGNED WITH A SPECIAL VIEW TO THE OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE THAT WILL BE DEMANDED OF IT.

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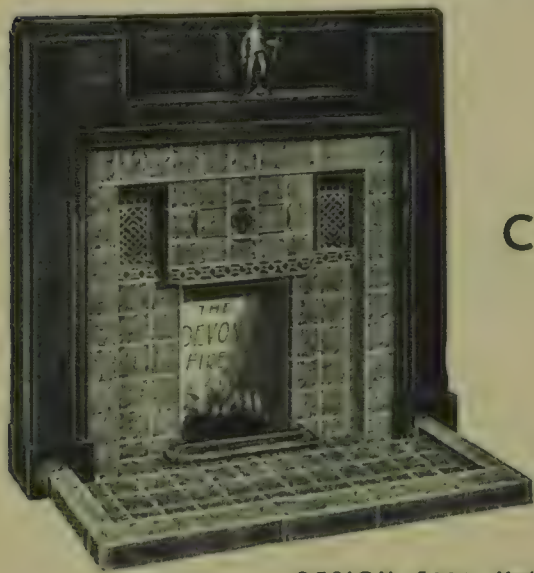
FINE COACHWORK AND ECONOMICAL PROPULSION COMBINED IN A CAR OUTSTANDING AMONG THE NEW SEASON'S MODELS: THE ROVER 1934 "FOURTEEN" SALOON.

of their roomy comfort inside. This combination of elegance and speed with comfort is typical of all that is best in modern motor design.

Ultra-Swift Touring. I had a run in the new 3½-litre Bentley this week at its formal introduction at the Royal Ascot Hotel, where Lord Herbert Scott, Mr. Cowan (General Manager), Major Cox, and Mr. Percy Northey were the hosts to a large party of prominent motorists and officials from various Government Departments. This car is indeed ultra-swift, as in the space of a few seconds, going through the easy-changing four-speed gear-box, you are at 70 m.p.h.—actually 50 m.p.h. in 120 yards from rest—and, if the road permits, you run up to 80-90 m.p.h. almost before you can imagine you have turned the corner, so to speak, of the garage from which you came. Built at the Rolls-Royce Works, this new Sports Tourer has all that wonderful smoothness associated with the automobile design and construction by this firm, as well as an incredible swiftness enhanced by the silence of the engine and mechanical parts which produce it. Most sports types of cars are noisy. The new 3½-litre Bentley will have a world-wide reputation for swiftness with silence. It is also at a moderate price, considering its wonderful road performance, as the four-door saloon costs £1460, and the four-seater coupé £1485, while the open four-seated tourer is £1380. It is fitted with the new India Super Special Speed Tyres, 5.50 by 18, specially designed for super cars. And the new Bentley is certainly "super." Its designers deserve the highest congratulations.

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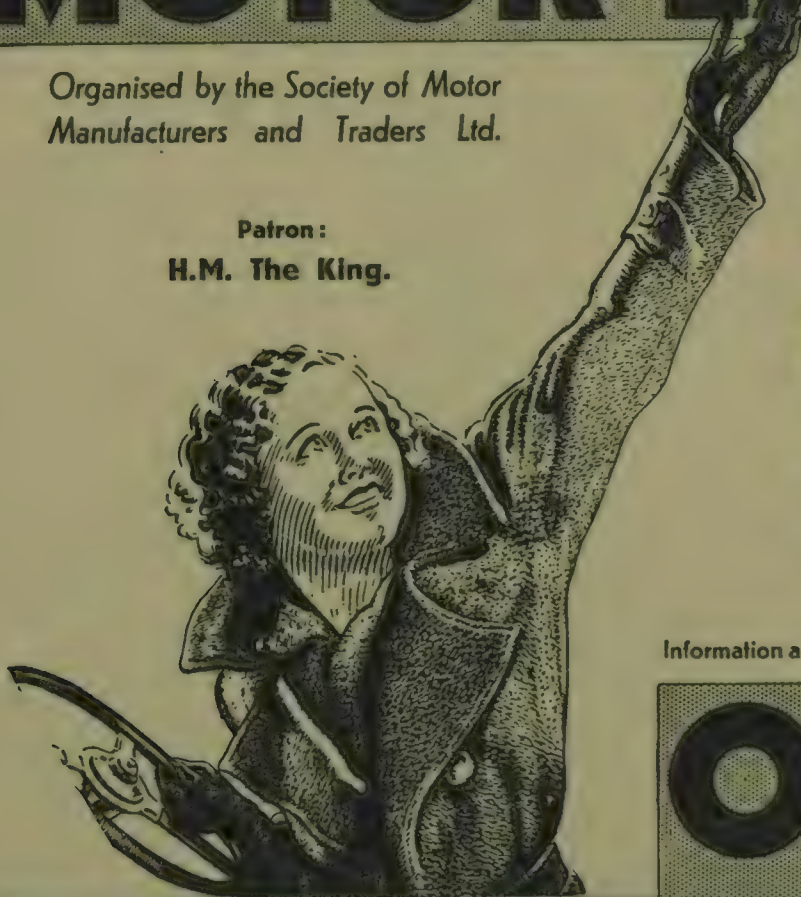
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DUKE JOHN.

(Continued from Page 540.)

concerning the apologist's counter-challenge. "It is my hope to recall this great shade from the past, and not only invest him with his panoply, but make him living and intimate to modern eyes. I hope to show that he was not only the foremost of English soldiers, but in the first rank among the statesmen of our history; not only that he was a Titan, for that is not disputed, but that he was a virtuous and benevolent being, eminently serviceable to his age and country, capable of drawing harmony and design from chaos, and one who only needed an earlier and still wider authority to have made a more ordered and a more tolerant civilisation for his own time, and to help the future."

In this object it seems to us that Mr. Churchill has substantially succeeded, showing, as he does convincingly, that many of the aspersions on Marlborough rest on the most worthless evidence and the most transparent prepossessions. There is, for example, a popular impression that Marlborough was a notorious libertine; yet the only evidence is that, at the age of twenty, and in the corrupting atmosphere of Charles the Second's Court, he had an affair with one of the King's mistresses—a lady

accustomed to have her own way, and not, we may well imagine, the less forward party of the two. Even if Marlborough took money from the Duchess of Cleveland, that, according to the standards of his time, certainly does not make him the kind of degenerate gigolo which he is in Macaulay's pages. Against this youthful lapse—if lapse any of his contemporaries considered it—is to be set his loyal, life-long, touching partnership with Sarah, rare in his own age and admirable in any. We are told that Marlborough was a money-grabber and a miser; Macaulay brackets him with "Euclio and Harpagon," and writes malignantly as if the loss of half a guinea was more painful to him than any sacrifice of conscience. He was certainly very solicitous about money, and amassed a large fortune by patient efforts; but, if he was parsimonious to himself, there is no evidence that he was mean to others; he was ready to disinherit himself to pay his father's debts; and nobody has proved, or even plausibly suggested, that he took any of the bribes which were a commonplace of his time.

Undoubtedly he "betrayed" James II. It was not a pretty thing for a man in his situation to have to do; but can anybody doubt that it was the right thing to do in the interests of England, good government, and the established religion? Why,

Mr. Churchill justly asks, has everybody else who did the same thing been commended for his public spirit, while Marlborough has been singled out for the bitterest taunts of perfidy? It is true, again, that he quarrelled with William; but was that his own fault, when he was treated from the first with coldness and neglect? As we have mentioned, William learned before the end to revise his opinion radically. Less easy to explain are Marlborough's mysterious dealings with the Jacobites. Mr. Churchill's defence is that he deliberately played with them, conceding nothing, informing them of nothing, while giving the appearance of doing so, and that in this way he guilefully and consistently helped the Protestant cause. The explanation is ingenious, but not quite convincing. Marlborough's studied non-committalism seems more like the dexterity of a man who desired to remain in *utrumque paratus*; and in that respect, though it is far from admirable, he resembled most of the public men of his troubled time.

The heaviest indictment of Marlborough is the so-called Camaret Bay Letter, in which he is supposed to have betrayed to James the projected expedition against Brest. If this were true, it would be damning indeed. Mr. Churchill makes out a strong case for believing that this document, on

which so much has been built, is a palpable imposture. We could not examine all the evidence here, even if we were qualified to do so, but it is very lucidly marshalled by Mr. Churchill, and it carries conviction. Without questioning the probability of the general conclusion, we would only suggest that a vital point in the thesis—viz., that the so-called memoirs of James II., "writ of his own hand," did not extend beyond the year 1660—is too lightly assumed on the evidence of a single letter. Nevertheless, this letter (p. 361), discovered in the Stuart papers at Windsor and hitherto unpublished, is a valuable historical contribution. So, let us repeat, is the whole of this magistral and absorbing biography. It is also, appropriately, elegant in format. C. K. A.

"BEFORE SUNSET."

AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

SHOWERS of leaflets, "stink-bombs" in the gallery, free fights, and five minutes of catcalls, howls and cheers, are undeniably unsettling on a first night, and that the acting contrived to reach such a high standard proved how bravely the actors carried out the old tradition of the theatre: "The show must go on." "Before Sunset" is a slow-moving, and not particularly interesting play. We are shown Matthew Clausen, the patriarch of his family. On the wall hangs a painting of his wife, of whom the grown-up children and grandchildren revere the memory. Matthew, at the age of seventy, feels that life will soon end for him, and falling in love with a young school-mistress of twenty, seeks to marry her. His children, feeling they will be deprived of their inheritance, violently oppose his intention, and have him certified as insane. In a scene of real power, Matthew declares that their mother was his mistress, not wife, cuts the painting to ribbons, and falls to the ground in a fit. Herr Werner Krauss spoke English well, if deliberately, and this necessary slowness was undoubtedly a handicap. Yet he is obviously an actor of very great talent. Miss Peggy Ashcroft made an appealing heroine; while Mr. O. B. Clarence contributed another of his lovable old-man studies.



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Made specially to prevent sore throats



RIGA: ONE OF THE FINE STREETS OF THE LATVIAN CAPITAL AND ONE OF ITS PLEASANT OPEN SPACES. On the left, considerably over-topping the imposing business premises, is the baroque spire of the fifteenth-century St. Peter's Church, the highest wooden spire in Europe.—[Photograph by Krautcs.]

NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK : LATVIA, CHARMING AND ENTERPRISING.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE vogue of the pleasure cruise has led numbers of people to the Baltic this summer, where, amongst other countries, they have seen something of Latvia, one of the old Baltic States which was freed from Russian dominion after the war. It is an enterprising little country, with varied and charming scenery, a pleasant summer climate, and several historic towns, apart from its fine old capital, Riga; and it has a history which stretches back to the twelfth century, and tells of Knights of the Teutonic Order (who built the old Round Tower in Riga, which still exists), of Hansa Merchants, of fights with Poland and Muscovy, eventual Polish dominion, then a period of Swedish rule, under the great Gustavus Adolphus, and finally Russian conquest, by Peter the Great, in the year 1721, who eventually married a poor Latvian peasant girl, the beautiful fair-haired Martha, and she, outliving him, afterwards ascended the Russian throne as Catherine I!



LATVIA: FIRM WHITE SANDY BEACH BORDERED BY SWEET-SCENTED PINES. Latvia boasts miles of beautiful seashore like this; and there you can bathe in sea and sun to your heart's content.—[Photograph by Krautcs.]



BERMUDA: WALSHINGHAM HOUSE; KNOWN AS "TOM MOORE'S HOUSE," FROM THE FACT THAT THE POET VISITED IT FREQUENTLY.

A delightful autumn trip is to Bermuda, travelling thither *via* the Spanish ports of Santander, Corunna, and Vigo, by the Pacific Steam Navigation Line, which issues a special return ticket for the round journey. Bermuda has a very good autumn climate, with excellent sea-bathing, and the scenery is beautiful, as it is at all seasons of the year. One of the special places of pilgrimage for all English visitors, and there are many of them in this, our oldest colony, is Walsingham House, built certainly as early as 1652, and the ancestral home of the Trott family. It is known as "Tom Moore's House," because the poet was a frequent visitor there, and under the calabash tree in the grounds Thomas Moore often sat and wrote, possibly, some of his passionate odes to Nea. Maintained as nearly as possible in its original form, it has been converted into a tavern of a superior order, where memories of Moore are mingled with charming Bermudian hospitality.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self-Poisoning.

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the

action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist, and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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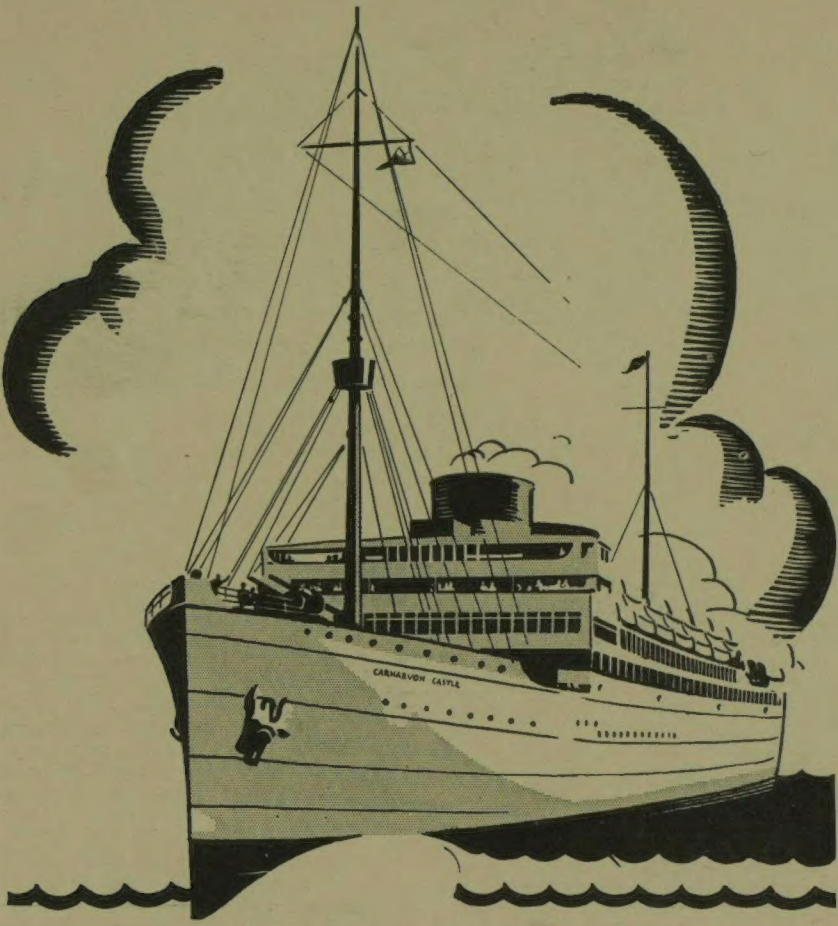
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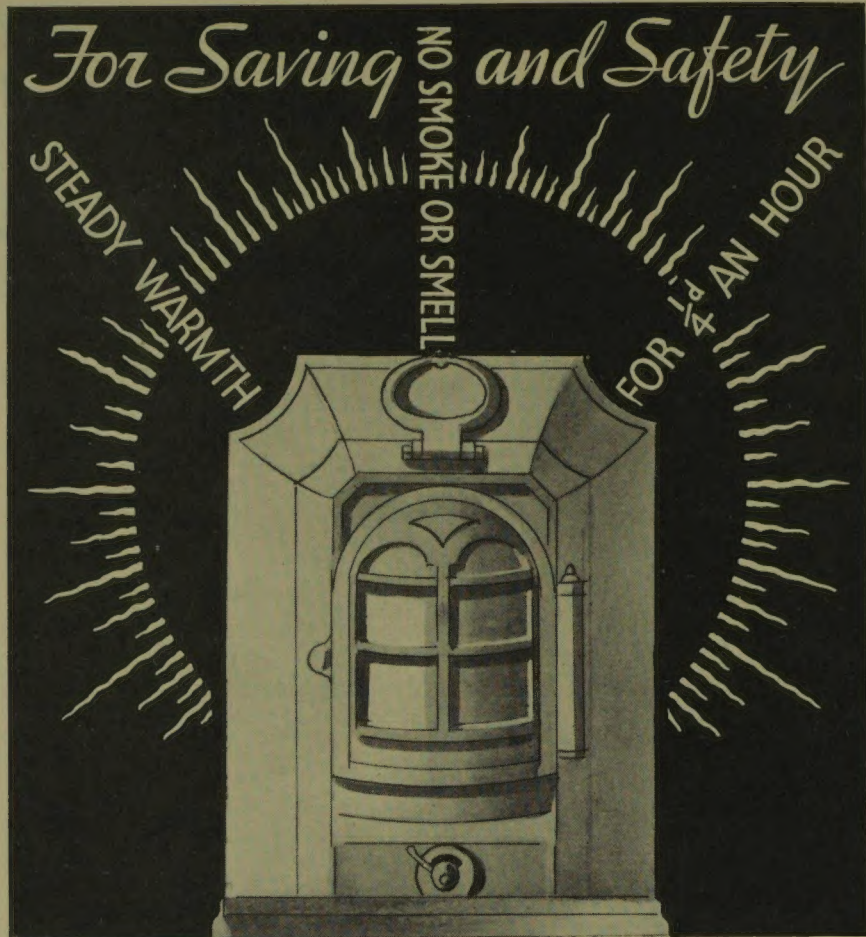


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